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## SPAIN.

THE arrest and exile of the Duke and Duchess of MONT-  
PENSIER is a very marked event in Spanish politics.  
The wholesale seizure and deportation of marshals, generals,  
and officers of every rank, which accompanied this bold stroke,  
was not nearly so much out of the ordinary course of things  
in Spain. There is always either a revolution in Spain or a  
*coup d'état* to prevent a revolution; and the holders of power  
have lately learnt to deal their blows with greater severity  
and with a wider sweep. Señor GONZALES BRAVO may soon hope  
to say with the late Marshal NARVAEZ that he has no enemies  
in Spain, for he will have safely locked up all whom he hates  
in the Canary Islands. But when the QUEEN goes so far as to  
turn her own sister and her brother-in-law out of the country,  
things look serious. The Duke of MONTPENSIER has conducted  
himself so prudently for so many years that it is not at all  
likely that he really mixed himself up with a revolutionary  
plot. He has lived quietly in his lovely retreat near Seville,  
and has had nothing more to do with the troubled politics of  
the country than any other inoffensive Spanish gentleman.  
The Duchess has, on more than one occasion, been said to  
have remonstrated with her sister as to the violent course of  
despotism and bigotry into which the unfortunate QUEEN has  
plunged, but one sister is not generally driven into exile by  
another because she gives good advice. The real truth is that  
the Duke and Duchess of MONTPENSIER have become, however  
unintentionally, a source of indisputable danger to the QUEEN.  
The dissatisfaction which the Government has excited is so  
very great that men's thoughts have been inevitably turned to  
the project of getting the Duke and Duchess to found a new  
order of things, either as occupants of the throne or as  
Regents until the QUEEN's son is old enough to reign. It has  
been evident for some time that no revolution which left  
the QUEEN on the throne would be of any use. It is not a  
simple change from one Marshal or General to another  
Marshal or General that the country wants, but a totally  
new sort of government. But unless there is to be a Re-  
public, there must be a new Sovereign, and the sad expe-  
rience of their colonies makes Spaniards justly distrustful of  
Republics; and the pressure of all European influence is so  
strong against Republics, that a new Republic, if founded  
in Europe, seems almost certain to collapse. But it is  
not so very easy to get a Sovereign for Spain. Either  
the new Sovereign must be another BOURBON or a stranger.  
The irrational antipathy of Spaniards, and of all persons of  
Spanish descent, to strangers is so strong that the country  
cannot be trusted to endure them. The most obvious project  
is to unite Spain with Portugal, and to find in the King of  
PORTUGAL a solution of the difficulty; but, strange as it may  
seem, there is scarcely any nation of whom the Spaniards  
know less, with whom they have less intercourse, and for  
whom they have less friendly feeling, than the Portuguese.  
They do not wish for the union, and the Portuguese fear  
it, and the King of PORTUGAL may reasonably prefer to  
hold his own little kingdom in safety rather than run the  
risk of losing both Crowns by uniting them. The project,  
therefore, of finding a new Sovereign in the King of PORTUGAL,  
though it has been entertained by some men of character  
and ability, has never been a popular one, and has not been  
based on a knowledge of the real wishes of the persons prin-  
cipally concerned. It is exceedingly difficult for a revo-  
lutionary party, even if momentarily successful, to keep the  
throne vacant, and to go and look for a stranger as their  
Sovereign. They must have some one ready at hand, and it  
would be most dangerous for them to open preliminary nego-  
tiations which might be so easily betrayed. If a stranger  
is not to be the new Sovereign, they must take a BOURBON;

but with the exception of the sons and grandsons of LOUIS  
PHILIPPE, the BOURBONS are an utterly used-up, miserable,  
lamentable set of people, and the QUEEN herself, even in her  
present worst days, is as good as any of them. To put any of  
the CARLIST family on the throne would be to break with all  
the traditions of the party that gained the ascendancy in the  
civil war; and to look to the Neapolitan branch would be to  
instal in the empty room spirits seven times worse than those  
cast out.

Spaniards, therefore, who feel dishonoured and degraded  
by the present condition of their country, and wish for a  
change, cannot, after a survey of all possible courses, help  
turning their eyes in the direction of the Duke and Duchess  
of MONTPENSIER. They find in this couple a royal pair  
of unimpeached character, popular manners, and unostenta-  
tious liberal principles. To proclaim the Prince of ASTURIAS  
King, and the Duke and Duchess joint Regents, would be  
to make the very slightest break apparently in the present  
order of the dynastic succession, and yet would insure  
most effectually the introduction of a totally new policy.  
Perhaps the intention formed with regard to the Duke  
and Duchess, so far as it has been distinctly formed at all,  
has rather pointed to making them Sovereigns than Regents;  
but it is a mistake, we believe, to suppose that there is  
any prejudice or feeling in Spain against the QUEEN's chil-  
dren. They have been given to the country as the offspring  
of their Sovereign, and the country is on this occasion not  
inclined to look at a gift horse in the mouth, and there would  
be something less odious in the sister of the QUEEN profiting  
by a revolution to preserve the Crown for the QUEEN's son than  
to snatch it for herself and husband. But, whatever might be  
the capacity in which the Duke and Duchess might govern  
if a revolution were successfully made in their favour, it is  
impossible that those who wish for a successful revolution  
at all should not think of them as the most natural holders of  
power if a new Government were established. Even if they  
keep aloof entirely from politics, and take no steps whatever  
to bring about a revolution, the Duke and Duchess are now  
by the mere force of circumstances dangerous to the QUEEN.  
She sees in them the persons who, if she were driven away,  
might most naturally and properly be put at the head of  
affairs; and a Government which, like the present Spanish  
Government, is quite ready to take any means to preserve  
itself, is really only guarding against a great danger when  
it gets rid of this couple of harmless and respectable  
persons. The only thing to be surprised at is that it should  
have been thought sufficient to send them out of the country,  
for in exile they are always accessible to the chiefs of the  
revolutionary party, and it might have been expected that  
to keep them in arrest would have been thought safer.  
There would have been a rather greater scandal in this treat-  
ment of her sister by the QUEEN, but the Spanish Government  
has nothing to lose or gain by a scandal being a little bigger  
or smaller. Its only excuse for existing is that it exists,  
and the more sure it can make its existence, the less it  
cares what is thought and said of it. It seems as if the  
Government, if it chose to take the strong step of arresting  
the sister and brother-in-law of the QUEEN, had better have  
kept them where it could insure their being harmless, and this  
consideration will make the friends of the Duke and Duchess  
reasonably delighted to see them safe somewhere out of Spain.

NARVAEZ in his lifetime, and GONZALES BRAVO since, have  
judged quite rightly that, for men in their position, the true  
policy is to stick at nothing. If they think that any one is dan-  
gerous, or likely to become dangerous, or causes them, with or  
without foundation, any uneasiness whatever, off with him to  
the Canaries. If three hundred people seem in the least dan-  
gerous, off with them all. This is quite the right method of

governing for them. If a man is a Marshal, and is not one of their tools, he is a man who, under certain conceivable circumstances, might one day do them harm; and he is therefore much better in prison or in exile than annoying them by walking or driving about in comfort at Madrid. It also produces a very good effect to take a good sprinkling of generals, colonels, and captains, and suddenly cart them away. It was in this way that the Inquisition was so successful and governed Spain to its heart's content for so many years. It used to swoop down suddenly on people who did not know they were doing any harm, and thus produced a most wholesome terror. The present Government of Spain is a despotism guided by priests, and it has the sense to behave like what it is. It does not make the country powerful or peaceful, or rich or contented, but it keeps up a government after its own pattern, and it concentrates its whole thoughts on the difficult task of continuing to survive. Up to this moment it has succeeded, and if it goes courageously on, and arrests in good time every one it suspects, or whom it suspects it may some day suspect, it may go on for a good time to come. And, fortunately for it, it has enlisted a very powerful friend in its service. The revolutionary party find that if they wish to avoid the perils of a Republic they are almost inevitably turned in the direction of the Duke of MONTPEISIER, and directly they are so turned, they make an enemy of the Emperor of the FRENCH. The only people LOUIS NAPOLEON hates and fears, and has always hated and feared, are the princes of the House of ORLEANS, and it would be eminently distasteful to him to have one of them installed as the virtual ruler of Spain. If he governed with vigour, and yet on principles as liberal as Spain can bear, if he managed finance and military matters well, and raised the reputation of the country, he might establish a precedent that hereafter might be very dangerous in France. Besides, the EMPEROR has a personal dislike of all the ORLEANS family, and a deep jealousy of them, and could not view with indifference any of them having a sudden stroke of good fortune. Accordingly, the French Government, which so long as Spanish revolutions were merely means of changing Ministries, or when, as conducted by PRIM, they were intended to set up a Republic, used to go very conveniently to sleep, is thoroughly awake now, and does all it can to crush out the revolution at the frontier. It keeps the Spanish Government on the alert, and baffles the schemes of the conspirators. Queen ISABELLA and her Minister are therefore more successful than ever. Tranquillity, as they triumphantly announce, reigns through the Peninsula, and the QUEEN's sister is no longer there to make mischief.

#### MR. ROEBUCK AT SHEFFIELD.

MR. ROEBUCK has once more addressed his constituents at Sheffield with his usual vigour and confidence. It is to the credit of a town which has many sins to atone for that it has for twenty years tolerated or approved Mr. ROEBUCK's eccentric and independent course. An astute and unfriendly critic might explain Mr. ROEBUCK's occasional opposition to his own party by attributing to him personal motives; but the electors of Sheffield are juster and more generous, and, allowing a section of their body to choose one member who may always be trusted to vote straight, they give Mr. HADFIELD a colleague who generally addresses them in a tone of apologetic defiance. Mr. ROEBUCK would never have been member for Sheffield if he had not held in his earlier years strong Radical opinions which he has never formally recanted; but if maturer age had not produced its frequent effect of modifying some of his antipathies, he would not have had occasion to make periodical protests against the injustice of Liberal assailants. It may be easily believed that such a representative causes incessant annoyance to the local managers of the party. A sheep which is perpetually straying from the flock is an irritating puzzle to the political shepherd, nor is it considered a sufficient excuse that the path is smoother, or the herbage greener, on one side or the other of the beaten track. The mind of a borough politician is impatient of general principles, and more especially of exceptions. It is much easier to comprehend the duty of voting for Mr. GLADSTONE, or of opposing Mr. DISRAELI, than to examine the merits of the measures which they may respectively propose. The Sheffield Liberals are perhaps not far wrong when they suspect Mr. ROEBUCK of taking pleasure in pointing out the errors and weaknesses of the leaders of his party; but his defence, even from a Liberal point of view, seems to be sufficient, as far as his conduct during the last two Sessions is concerned. In 1866 Mr. ROEBUCK voted

steadily with Mr. GLADSTONE, and blamed his resignation. In 1867 he shared with all the extreme Liberals, except Mr. BRIGHT, the well-founded opinion that more was to be got out of Mr. DISRAELI than out of his more scrupulous adversary. A Conservative supporter of household suffrage was guilty of a paradoxical inconsistency, but all the Radical allies of the Government were effecting their own objects by the most natural method. It might not have been supposed that Mr. ROEBUCK was a vehement Reformer, as he always asserted that Parliament represented the country with perfect fidelity; but in voting for Mr. DISRAELI's Bill he promoted the policy which he had advocated in his youth.

On the question of the Irish Church Mr. ROEBUCK approached nearer to the confines of political heresy, but still his vote was unobjectionable. He spoke against the Resolutions as useless or inexpedient, and he repeats at Sheffield his opinion that Mr. GLADSTONE's movement was unseasonable; but a vote is generally regarded as conclusive, and Mr. ROEBUCK has the advantage of being able to appeal to his own early hostility to all Church Establishments. He is probably unconscious of the modifications which years have produced in his former convictions, and perhaps he has a right to boast of the vote which he would have given thirty years ago if there had been a question of abolishing the Church. His local enemies are not altogether mistaken in thinking that his recent conduct shows at least indifference to the destruction of the Irish Establishment. The alarm and indignation of the defenders of the Irish Church is the best proof that Mr. GLADSTONE has aimed a formidable blow at its existence; and if his policy is considered with exclusive reference to the interests of his party there can scarcely be two opinions as to the skill and success of his manœuvres. The Government and its adherents attack Mr. GLADSTONE on the ground that he has been influenced exclusively by factious motives; and the charge is so far plausible, that he has incidentally reunited the entire Liberal majority after two years of anarchy and confusion. Mr. ROEBUCK, who cannot complain either of the injury inflicted on the Church, or of the great addition of strength conferred on the Liberal party, is reduced to the vague allegation that the Session has been wasted. He explained to the people of Sheffield that the Irish debates had occupied all the available time, so that the Corrupt Practices Bill had not been carried through Committee. The instance selected was unlucky, as there is little doubt that the Corrupt Practices Bill will become law during the Session; and most politicians would hold that the abolition or maintenance of the Irish Church and the reconstitution of the Liberal party were much more important than the substitution of Judges for Election Committees. Except for the satisfaction of captious electors, Mr. ROEBUCK would scarcely repudiate the charge of being an unsteady, if not a mutinous, partisan.

Mr. GLADSTONE is incomparably more popular in the country than in the House, as both his virtues and his defects look best at a certain distance. Enthusiasm tending to exaggeration is never appreciated by men of business in the ordinary transactions of life; and Liberals who are much more easily pleased than Mr. ROEBUCK are often puzzled and offended by Mr. GLADSTONE's indifference to the peculiarities of individual human nature. In provincial boroughs, the broad handling of the scene-painter is far more effective than the delicacies of a perfect miniature. If Mr. ROEBUCK had been an orthodox professor of the Liberal creed, he would have sworn by Mr. GLADSTONE when he was in the right, and still more vehemently when he was in the wrong. The supporters of good Mr. HADFIELD listen impatiently to demonstrations that Mr. GLADSTONE may from time to time have committed mistakes; but it seems that the majority of the electors of Sheffield are not imbued with party discipline, and they have often applauded Mr. ROEBUCK for the very votes and speeches which are most obnoxious to professional politicians. As he told them the other day, after concluding his explanations on Reform and the Irish Church, the people of Sheffield probably care as little as possible for either question. Their sympathies are enlisted in a more domestic cause, and if Mr. ROEBUCK loses his election, he will fall a victim, not to his disobedience to Mr. GLADSTONE, but to his conduct on the Trades' Union Commission. Some of the Sheffield voters, including probably the martyr BROADHEAD, care much more for the liberty to assault and murder their neighbours than for the so-called emancipation of the working-classes, or for the abolition of the Irish Church. The election will show whether the majority of the enfranchised workmen sympathize with the crimes of BROADHEAD and his fellows, or with the obvious interests of their class which happen to coincide with the accepted rules of

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morality and with the doctrines of political economy. The middle-class Liberals, who hate and fear the Unions, will not be slow to encourage any feeling of hostility which the workmen may have learned to cherish towards Mr. ROEBUCK. They have over and over again failed to eject the member whom they dislike, and the flatterers of the working-class justly attribute to their clients stronger passions and profounder prejudices.

Mr. ROEBUCK's defence on the question of Trades' Unions was sensible, but it is impossible to know whether it was accepted as satisfactory. He said that he had attended, at an interview with the HOME SECRETARY, a deputation of masters who asked for a Royal Commission, and that he had afterwards introduced a deputation of workmen who preferred the same request. When the Commission was appointed, Mr. HADFIELD proposed Mr. ROEBUCK to Mr. WALPOLE as one of its members, and in the inquiry which resulted Mr. ROEBUCK cross-examined with remarkable vigour the witnesses who represented the Trades' Unions. Cross-examination, as he truly told the Sheffield meeting, tends to elicit the truth, and he added that his proceeding could be objectionable only to those who found the truth unpalatable. The artisans who deem themselves injured will not fail to discern the fallacy of the assumption that honest men only wish to discover the truth. As it is impossible to elicit the whole truth on any complicated subject of discussion, advocates on either side have the strongest interest in extracting that portion of truth which happens to suit their purpose. There are many persons in Sheffield who object to any interference with the practice of rattening, and there are many more who are willing to risk the abuses of Trades' Unions for the sake of the power which the working-classes derive from unrestricted association. Both sections of the community prefer many other things to truth, although they would not object to find that truth was on their side. They care little for Mr. ROEBUCK's approval of Trades' Unions as Benefit Societies, or even as contrivances by which workmen may negotiate on equal terms with capitalists. Their object is the establishment of a despotism to be exercised by a majority, and any doubts which they may have entertained of the legitimate quality of their own conclusions have been removed by the ingenious theories of their literary teachers. Mr. ROEBUCK's gallant self-assertion may perhaps once more prevail against the opposition which he has seldom troubled himself to conciliate. If he succumbs to the hostility of BROADHEAD after repeated triumphs over more respectable adversaries, Sheffield will probably, like many other large towns, content itself with some vulgar representative of mediocrity. If the working-classes possess any of the spirit which is attributed to them by their sycophants, they will take Mr. ROEBUCK with all his faults.

#### AMERICA.

THE mysterious purveyors of telegraphic information have not thought fit to explain the apparently paradoxical proceedings of the Democratic Convention at New York. The platform, or summary of principles, openly professes the doctrine of repudiation which has been publicly censured by the candidate unanimously chosen for the Presidency. Mr. BLAIR, the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency, probably agrees with Mr. SEYMOUR, as he was the confidential friend of Mr. LINCOLN, who assuredly never intended to cheat the public creditor. It might almost have been supposed that there was some error in the despatch, if it had not been clearly proved that the Democrats as a party have determined to rely on their support of repudiation. The resolution of the House of Representatives to tax the national debt ten per cent. was supported by every Democratic member, with one or two exceptions. The managers of the party had probably satisfied themselves that their only chance of succeeding in the coming contest was to enlist on their side the vast population of fraudulent debtors; and the soundness of their judgment is confirmed by the jealous rivalry of several Republican leaders who are anxious not to allow their antagonists a monopoly of popular dishonesty. Having determined on their profession of faith, the Democrats prudently determined to oppose to General GRANT a respectable partisan, who may perhaps secure the votes of the section of the party which objects to national bankruptcy. Mr. SEYMOUR is well known as a politician, and Mr. BLAIR during Mr. LINCOLN's Presidency had many relations with the Republicans. If either candidate was troubled with scruples, he perhaps appeased his conscience by the reflection that the payment or repudiation of the debt concerns Congress more immediately

than the PRESIDENT. On other questions Mr. SEYMOUR will fairly represent the aversion of the party to the civil war and to the subsequent policy of reconstruction. At the last election the Democrats of the Northern States were in a minority of nine out of twenty, and it is not known whether they have increased in strength within three or four years. A dangerous controversy may arise if the election is decided by the packed constituencies of the Southern States which have been purified by an unconstitutional test oath from all admixture of the best part of the population. A considerable Northern majority would not submit to be outvoted by negroes. If the Democratic candidate were peaceably elected, there would be sufficient proof that a reaction had set in, although the Senate, and probably the next House of Representatives, may still contain a Republican majority. Whatever may be the fortune of parties during a few years, the present State Constitutions are merely provisional. The white race will inevitably reassert the superiority of which it has been temporarily deprived; and the coloured voters will have to choose between disfranchisement and unhesitating support of their past and future rulers. It will be well if the shortlived triumph of the weaker race is not revenged by unjustifiable oppression.

The American House of Representatives stands lower in morality and statesmanship than any similar assembly in civilized countries. Its political conduct would perhaps find a parallel if the Reform League were erected into a legislative body, instead of wasting its energies in prosecuting rival gangs of riotous agitators, or in complaining of the impunity of violence, *de seditione querentes*. It was the recognised duty of the Republicans in and out of Congress to adhere to the Chicago platform, which contains a definite protest against all schemes for tampering with the debt; but Mr. BUTLER envies the license of the Democratic repudiators, and although he cannot openly thwart the choice of his party, he has probably not forgotten General GRANT's contemptuous description of his military qualities. Without pretext or plausible occasion, a Mr. CORE, who is a humble adherent of Mr. BUTLER, suddenly moved that the Committee of Ways and Means should be directed to report a Bill for taxing United States securities to the amount of ten per cent. The Democrats, in consistency with their party professions, voted almost unanimously for the plan of robbery; and, perhaps to the surprise of their constituents, a clear majority of Republican members supported the motion. It is evident that both parties are agreed in holding that repudiation is popular, although the Chicago Convention thought it prudent to identify the Republican cause with national good faith. The Committee of Ways and Means has since unanimously censured Mr. CORE's proposal, but the vote of the House remains on record. It happens that Mr. SCHENCK, the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, belongs to the numerous class of Mr. BUTLER's personal enemies; and the whole Committee owes him a grudge because he defeated, for some purpose of his own, the Tax Bill which had been carefully elaborated by the Committee during the greater part of the Session. Although the vote of the House will have no formal result, it will effectually prevent any restoration of the national credit; for capitalists cannot fail to see that one party, and the majority of the representatives of the other party, are prepared to violate the contracts on which the loans were raised. The maintenance of a high rate of interest, which will be a necessary consequence of distrust, will in turn strengthen the argument for repudiation; for Congress will contend, like a Spanish Cortes, that purchasers at a discount are not entitled to the equities of original holders. It is admitted that America is better fitted than any other country for universal suffrage; and yet the result of the system, under the most favourable circumstances, is to produce a majority which votes with Mr. BUTLER. The operation of similar institutions in countries where Parliaments really govern may be inferred from American experience. The people of the United States would not have tolerated such a body if the political supremacy of the Lower House of Congress had not been the most modern of innovations. Before the war, the speeches and votes of the House of Representatives attracted little more notice than the proceedings of a London vestry; and if General GRANT, having attained the object of his ambition, develops the faculties of a statesman, he will have comparatively little difficulty in relegating the assembly to its former obscurity. On the other hand, it is not absolutely inconceivable that the usurpations or acquisitions of Congress may here and there suggest to a constituency the expediency of selecting a competent person to discharge functions

which have become primarily important. A governing body must either find better leaders than Mr. STEVENS and Mr. BUTLER, or renounce its pretensions to sovereignty. The foolish and factious vote on Mr. COPE's ten per cent. tax may in some degree calm the indignation of Englishmen at the wanton insults to their country which are periodically offered by the House of Representatives. An assembly which regards neither national dignity nor party consistency may be expected, in dealing with foreign affairs, to be reckless, rude, and unjust. Mr. SEWARD, with a coolness peculiarly his own, lately called the attention of the English Government to a Bill passed by the Lower House of Congress for kidnapping foreign residents in time of peace, as hostages for the submission of their respective Governments to American dictation. The monstrous proposal has since been rejected by the Senate; and it might have been supposed that a patriotic Minister would have willingly concealed the disgrace which attached to the promoters of the Bill.

The Presidential contest which will during three or four months absorb the attention of American politicians is chiefly interesting to foreign observers as the result may bear on international relations; and the safest rule of sympathy is to hope that the stronger party may win by a decisive majority. For domestic purposes the Republicans are perhaps preferable to the Democrats, who generally devote themselves to conciliating the lowest rabble. The chances are at present apparently in favour of General GRAHAM, who knows too much of war to think lightly of wanton quarrels. The only opinion which he has publicly professed was contained in the expression of his desire for peace; and if he becomes President he will be the better able to avoid gratuitous disputes, because his bitterest adversaries will shrink from accusing him of cowardice. If his name and his party sweep the Northern States, as is not improbable, there will be no occasion to court popular favour by declamations against England. For the same reasons it is to be hoped that Mr. SEYMOUR, if he is destined to be President, may obtain an easy victory. Whatever may be the result, it is fortunate that, as soon as the election is over, the Irish vote will temporarily lose much of its importance. The commercial legislation of Congress will probably not be materially modified during the next Presidential term; for the Democrats, who have generally favoured rational tariffs, have for the present concentrated their financial efforts on the repudiation of the debt. Sooner or later the West will learn to understand its own obvious interests; and the Southern States, as they resume vitality, will once more object to pay tribute to the Northern manufacturers. The political prospects of the United States are confused, if not dark; but no country thrives so well in the midst of political anomalies. Illimitable land, offering the means of unbounded wealth, enables an active and industrious society to try the absurdest political experiments with all but complete impunity.

#### MR. BRIGHT IN IRELAND.

MR. BRIGHT has one source of power over those whom he addresses which he possesses to a degree which no other leading politician attains. He evidently sees things in the light of deep and permanent convictions. To him the pursuit of justice is a passionate personal delight. When he appeals to the Father of all with a prayer that the measures he advocates may be blessed to all the three nations of the United Kingdom, he is obviously not talking claptrap, but speaking the real thoughts of his heart. This gives him an immense advantage when he deals with such a subject as the Irish Church. It is quite clear that with him the wish to disestablish the Church is not a mere party move. It springs from a conviction that to do this is really just, and that what is just is expedient. Much less asperity is provoked by the speeches of a man who is prompted by feelings of this sort than attends the orations of a speaker like Mr. GLADSTONE, who certainly loves justice, but who as certainly hates Mr. DISRAELI; and Mr. BRIGHT is much fortified and encouraged by the consciousness that many of the causes for which he has fought as being just and wise have turned out triumphant, and that their triumph has brought many blessings on England. But it is necessary to recall to our recollection that no man, however anxious to follow after justice and to walk in the paths of wisdom, can always know exactly what it is just and wise to do; and Mr. BRIGHT is perhaps a little in danger of thinking that all must be, from the very nature of things, just and wise which he thinks so. He appears to us to be inclined to press too strongly the argument from the beneficial effects which have resulted from past changes in spite of the most gloomy prophecies

of disaster. No harm, he thinks, can happen to the Irish Church from being disestablished or disendowed; and he shows this by reminding his hearers that landowners said they must be ruined if the Corn-laws were repealed, and that newspapers have become much more valuable property since that repeal of the Stamp-duty which, it was asserted, would annihilate all but the lowest and worst of them. These instances certainly show that considerable bodies of persons did not know their own interests, and expected to lose greatly by what a Parliamentary majority considered a national benefit. But they cannot possibly show that no measures could be passed for the supposed advantage of the nation which would not do injury to large bodies of private persons. The West India planters always said that, if their slaves were emancipated, and the duty on sugar lowered, they would be ruined. They were not wrong, but right, in this. They have been for the most part ruined. England has got rid of the taint and curse of slavery, and the English poor purchase what is sold for sugar by local grocers much more cheaply than they used to do, and so the measures which the planter feared have been advantageous to the nation. But the fears of the planters have nevertheless been justified by the event. They have been sacrificed at the shrine of justice and cheap sugar. It may be an excellent thing that they should have been sacrificed, but the fact that they were sacrificed remains. We do not see why the friends of the Irish Church should be encouraged in any great degree by the instances of English landlords and newspaper proprietors. Why should they not say to themselves that it is their miserable lot to be not like those flourishing persons, but like the wretched planters? It is a very different matter when Mr. BRIGHT proceeds to argue that they will lose nothing, because voluntary gifts support a Church better than endowment, and because they will then be free from the trammels of the State, and will be at liberty to fix their own creed. These are fair points of discussion. We can all of us consider whether Churches do, as a matter of fact, get on better when they are endowed or when they are not, and we can all of us form some opinion as to the gain that would result if Irish Bishops and Orangemen were left to fix their own creed. Some of us may agree with Mr. BRIGHT; some of us may think that endowments have their advantages, and that the creed that should be framed in the way suggested does not offer a rosy prospect. But, whichever way we decide, we are considering points really connected with the Irish Church, and are allowing ourselves to be carried away by the pleasing delusion that, because some changes have turned out well, no change can ever hurt anybody.

The turn of Mr. BRIGHT's mind to look at every subject in which he takes interest (though there are many most important political subjects in which he takes no interest at all) from the point of view suggested by his innate love of justice and his absolute faith in his own experience, was of service to him when he touched on other Irish subjects than that of the Church. He was quite ready to sympathize with his hearers even when their sympathies pointed to a Repeal of the Union and the redistribution of the land of Ireland. He hoped that the Irish people would be conciliated by the desire of England to do them justice, and would prefer forming part of a great nation to the pettiness of a separate existence. He himself had developed a scheme for getting large tracts of Irish land into the possession of small Irish proprietors. The enormous practical difficulties which would attend either operation did not cause him any hesitation. In the light of conciliation and justice all things seemed possible to him, and he was therefore saved from the painful necessity of separating himself from his hearers. He had not got to say that as to the Church he was with them, but as to Repeal and the land he was against them. On neither of these last points is he really with them. He evidently thinks that the Repeal of the Union would be as great a calamity to Ireland as to England, and his land scheme which is to do no injury to any one falls far short of the bright dreams of landless Irishmen. Still the spirit in which he approached both subjects enabled him to get over the main difficulty which they presented, and to convince his hearers that he felt for them and with them in a general way. But a man often purchases this power of sympathizing with persons from whom he differs by concealing from himself the many practical puzzles which would beset him if he tried to co-operate with them. It is a most valuable quality in statesmen, and especially in statesmen belonging to a society like ours, that they have the power occasionally of going straight to the kernel of a question without troubling themselves as to what is to be done in this and that case,

and under these or those circumstances. Reflection and criticism and scruples sometimes impair too much, in very able men, the power of action. It is wise, for example, to regard the question of the Irish Church from the point of view of general politics, and to ask whether the institution is to be kept up or not. That is the first and main question to be decided, and as it involves a great and intelligible principle, it ought to be decided apart from the consideration of what is to be done and what arrangements are to be made if we decide not to keep up the Irish Church as the creature of the State. But we fear that Mr. BRIGHT looks at the appropriation of the property of the Irish Church as a much simpler matter than it is likely to be.

Mr. BRIGHT could not, indeed, be expected to say too much. If the Irish Church is to be dealt with at all, he will in all probability not only be a member of the Cabinet that deals with it, but among the guiding and leading members of that Cabinet; and common prudence suggests that those who wish to disestablish the Irish Church should not speak of what they think ought to be done with any of its revenues which it may be necessary to appropriate to other uses, before it is quite clear that the country is prepared to say that the Irish Church as a State Church shall not exist. This is the first thing to settle, and the application of the endowments of the Church is a secondary matter. But it is a matter abounding in incentives to irritation and bitterness, and to discuss it too soon might easily divert the attention of the country from the one main question, which is whether England, by the use of her great physical force, shall continue to set up in the midst of a Catholic population an institution the one main design of which is to express the abhorrence of England for Popery. It is very easy to misjudge the past in this matter, and to forget what a serious, pressing, hourly danger to the English Crown and liberties Popery once was. But in these days we have got into a new system of government with which the maintenance of such an institution is wholly inconsistent. Protestantism has been cruel and persecuting in its time, but the world has to thank Protestantism, conjoined with scientific inquiry, for the introduction of religious toleration and for the conception of government which is involved in the belief that there is no creed which it is the duty of the State to force on its members as being the only true one. To conciliate, to consider the wishes, the interests, even the sentiments of the governed has come to be the only basis of ruling which a large body of Englishmen can bear to see practically applied. With such a basis the existence of an institution expressive simply of the hatred felt by the conquerors for the religion of the conquered is wholly out of keeping. We cannot govern Ireland as we govern India and the colonies, unless we do away with the Irish Church in its present form. We know that we should think it not only impolitic, but wrong, to maintain in India an institution simply expressive of our hatred of the Hindoo or Mahometan religion; and it is painful to treat Ireland worse than we treat India. But when once the character of the Irish Church is changed, when it is turned into a simple branch of the Anglican communion, doing what good it can in Ireland, then the question what is to be done with its revenues may be dealt with. Mr. BRIGHT said that what he thought would happen would be that Parliament would take into its own hands the tithes and other yearly income of the Church; but he did not say what Parliament would do with them when it got them, and although it was wise not to say this, yet it might also have been wise not to give the impression of its being such a very simple matter to settle. It is not at all a simple matter, for there are two questions to be decided—how much is to be taken away from the Church, and what is to be done with that which is taken away. The first of these questions should be first determined, and in order to determine it we should make up our minds why we take away anything at all from the Church. We cannot agree with Mr. BRIGHT that we should be guided entirely by the proportion of the population to the money as compared with the proportion which the population of the whole United Kingdom bears to the whole money given to religious bodies. Because a particular religious body happens to be a little richer than others, that is no reason why it should have its money taken away. The limit of disendowment of the Irish Church ought to be fixed by the object we have in view in dealing with it, and that object is to change the character of the institution. When once we have purged the Irish Church from being a State engine for expressing hatred of Catholicism, and made it a simple religious body, we may leave it and its possessions alone; and the object of disendowment is not to make the Irish Church poorer, for

probably its means would be better spent by it than by any one else, but to make it clear to Ireland and all the world that the character of the institution, so far as the State is concerned with that character, is entirely changed.

#### THE MONITEUR.

A DISCUSSION has lately taken place in the French Chamber as to the character and position of the official journal, which threw much light on the history and conduct of the *Moniteur*, and shows how important a part it plays in the machinery of French government. The term during which the subsidy is granted to the *Moniteur* is on the eve of expiring, and it was necessary to take a vote for a renewal of the grant. This offered an opportunity of freely criticizing the mode in which the official journal is worked. But all speakers of whatever party agreed that it was necessary that there should be an official organ. That there must be some means by which the Government lets the nation know authoritatively what are its views, and what it intends doing, was taken for granted. Something of the sort exists in almost every country; and even in England, where the House of Commons affords so natural a mode of effecting this object, the system of using a particular paper to let it be known what the Government proposes, and what it wishes to have believed as to its conduct, cannot be said to have died out. Mr. DISRAELI had hardly got into office as Prime Minister when he began writing letters to the *Times*. In France, where the Government does everything and controls everything, it of course wants an organ far more than a Government can want it in a free country; and the very corner-stone of personal government may be said to be that the person shall not only act for the nation, but shall be able to communicate by some rapid, diffused, and intelligible method of information what it is that he is doing. But it is a great mistake to consider the *Moniteur* simply as an official organ in the sense in which there is an official organ at Berlin or Vienna or Madrid. It is much more. It is nothing less than a current history of France under the supervision of the Government. It contains all bulletins, decrees, and ordinances; it gives a copious, accurate, and impartial report of all that is said in the Legislative Body, and it furnishes France with a summary of what is happening abroad and at home. M. ROCHER stated that all this was done with the utmost care, and under the direct personal supervision of himself as Minister. To illustrate the pains he took, and the burden thus thrown on him, he said that he had felt himself obliged to spend some days in reading a work connected with the history of the French Revolution before he could sanction its being noticed in the columns of the *Moniteur*. The history of France is thus made day by day, under the direction of the Government for the time being, and this is one of the most curious and fruitful sources of governmental power in France. For this history is, in the first place, the only history permitted, and, in the second place, it is very well done. No other paper is allowed to give any report of the debates varying from that of the *Moniteur*, and any paper contradicting statements in the *Moniteur*, or pointedly qualifying them, would immediately lay itself open to a prosecution for spreading false news. The *Moniteur* is thus protected against historical competition, and it contains a treasury of materials of great value with which those who undertake to look back into the story of the past in France cannot afford to dispense. The early numbers of the *Moniteur* published in the first years of Revolutionary France have lately been republished, and contain a current history of those agitated times which brings their character before us in a most striking and graphic manner. In this way the Government not only supplies almost all the materials from which its actions will hereafter be judged, but, as it presents them in the shape that it considers best, it insensibly colours the thoughts, not only of those who read its current history day by day, but of those who in future ages will teach men what to think of it.

One of the consequences of this manufacture of history by the Government is that French historians are naturally driven, in discussing or writing the history of their country, to brilliant theories and audacious statements. And this is a tendency which may be expected to increase. There are no materials from which criticism of the Government history can deduce an independent account. All that the critics can do is to take the *Moniteur* and make a theory about what they find there, and manipulate the statements of the *Moniteur* to suit the theory, or else invent those facts which they guess ought

to have happened in order to make the story of the *Moniteur* true, or to supply its missing links. Half a century hence, what will the French historian of the reign of the present EMPEROR be able to do except to follow the pages of the *Moniteur*? There he will find abundance of materials, and elsewhere he will find next to none. There may be some excellent and intelligent people at the present moment writing journals and memoirs and letters in France about current politics; and their writings may hereafter be published, and will probably be taken not only for what they are worth, but for a great deal more. But what can these persons really have to say as to the conduct and action of a Government with which they have no sort of connexion, and of the proceedings of which they have no sort of knowledge? The historian will discover nothing in their writings by which he can check what he finds in the *Moniteur*. He will therefore speedily save himself the trouble of going to more than his one source of information. But it is not to be supposed that a brilliant Frenchman will degrade himself into a mere servile compiler from the *Moniteur*. That would bring him no amusement or credit; and we may safely reckon that, in order to do himself justice, he will spin a theory. He will have some startling view about Louis NAPOLEON which he will offer to his wondering countrymen; and if the contents of the *Moniteur* do not quite suit his theory, so much the worse for the contents of the *Moniteur*. The present EMPEROR may, therefore, have the satisfaction of thinking that there is every hope that the school of history will be perpetuated in France which teaches its disciples to call a person like JULIUS CÆSAR a MESSIAH. Perhaps, however, it is even more interesting to him to think that the *Moniteur* does so much to shape the thoughts of the living persons over whom he rules; and the *Moniteur* is specially contrived so as to do this as much as possible. It is not enough that current history should be written, it must also be read, and the *Moniteur* therefore aims at being readable. It adds to its current history a literary department in which reviews, stories, and criticisms, fully equal in ability to those offered by other journals, are furnished to its readers. It was chiefly this department that provoked opposition in the Chamber. The speakers who objected to the proposed subsidy said that it was necessary to keep up a Government organ of news, but that it could not possibly be necessary to pay extra for mere literary composition. To this M. ROCHER replied, that this was a most important part of the paper, for it was the sweetening in the cup, the gilding round the pill. No human being in his senses, he was pleased to say, would buy a paper merely to have the amusement of reading the debates. But if he was encouraged by getting a little literary fun for his money, then he might stray from that which he liked into that which he did not like, and when he had got through his review or story he might, from a wish to kill time, or from powerlessness to make up his mind to put the paper down, go on to read what the Government had been doing, and what the Deputies had been saying.

The weak point of the whole system would naturally seem to be that truth is not likely to be very much cared for under it. Very little of any history is true, but the quantity of truth would seem certain to be reduced infinitesimally when history is avowedly coined day by day, under the direction of a Minister. M. ROCHER, however, whose courage is proof against all trials, and whose self-possession never leaves him, took this bull also by the horns, and stated that everything in the *Moniteur* was always true. This seems a most astonishing statement at first, and one Deputy wished to know whether all that the *Moniteur* said about Mexico was quite true. But, in the sense in which he used the words, M. ROCHER was perhaps not very far wrong. The *Moniteur* affords the head of the Government the means of making almost any statement he pleases. It contained the issue of NAPOLEON's bulletins, and that great man never made any bones about telling lies of a size proportionate to his own startling greatness. But it can hardly be said that the *Moniteur* published an untruth, or a series of untruths, when it issued the bulletins, any more than the *Times* could be accused of want of veracity when it reported the memorable saying, which NAPOLEON rivalled but never eclipsed, that almost all the great measures of the last quarter of a century have originated with Lord JOHN MANNERS. The *Moniteur* only says what is true or untrue when it speaks as from itself. It either communicates items of ordinary intelligence, or informs the public of the views and intentions of the Government. With regard to ordinary intelligence, no one who had not studied the columns of the *Moniteur* very attentively could pretend to say whether

there was any ground for asserting that facts are misrepresented in it, or that things which can be proved not to be true at all are said in it to have really occurred. But it is obvious, to any one who will bestow a little attention on its contents, that the facts it chronicles are for the most part true; that is, they are as true as the facts given by any well-conducted English paper are true. The *Moniteur* does not colour history by misrepresentation or invention, but by suppression. It omits what it does not like. It wholly leaves out the facts that in any way tell against the Government, or which the Government does not wish should be known. Its current history is a history of that which the Government wishes history should record; and when we consider what a very large portion of what is called history has been composed on exactly the same principles, we must own that, if we once began to blame the *Moniteur*, we should have to extend the blame very widely. Ecclesiastical histories, for example, are almost always constructed on the plan of leaving out what the writer thinks might not be conducive to the interests of the cause he espouses. Nor is it going much too far to say that, as a rule, the *Moniteur* communicates the real views and intentions of the French Government. But then its truthfulness is preserved untainted by a curious process. Semi-official journals are kept going as supplementary to the *Moniteur*, and in these journals, which do not commit it finally, the Government airs its half-formed views and intentions. If they succeed in winning popular favour, the *Moniteur* announces at last that those really are the views and intentions of the Government; if they fall flat, or excite opposition, the *Moniteur* poolpoools them as ridiculous inventions. Either way, what the *Moniteur* says turns out to be right, and it keeps up its well-deserved reputation.

#### THE BRIBERY BILL.

THE Government, or some of its members, deserve credit for the persistency with which they have applied themselves to the effort of forcing a Corrupt Practices Bill through the House of Commons. The Lords have yet to be heard in the matter, and it may be questioned whether the numerous clauses of a measure which is marked by broad defects can be fully discussed within a week in the Upper House. As a philosopher, perhaps Mr. DISRAELI amuses himself at the idea of purifying that Augean stable, a British borough, by a legislative recipe; but as a politician he is not insensible to the fact that, in carrying a Bribery Bill, he is enacting a stern sumptuary law chiefly at the expense of the Opposition. The three new Judges that are to be added to the Bench may be regarded as foxes with firebrands at their tails, sent by a sagacious Tory Cabinet among the Liberal standing corn. The orthodox conscience of county members was justly disturbed at the idea of placing intimidation and treating in the same category to all intents and purposes as bribery, and a majority of ninety-five pronounced their opinion to be that corrupting a voter with beer was a more venial offence than corrupting him with money. Why bullying a tenant or breaking a refractory voter's head should be considered less reprehensible than paying a shopkeeper or an artisan is a question calculated in the abstract to baffle even a casuist. But PROVIDENCE, which has given to successful Manchester men the great electoral power of the bag, has armed rural candidates with weapons no less appropriate, and there are regions, as may be seen in Irish electioneering, where it is sometimes easier and pleasanter to bring to bear upon the elector the influence of the shillelagh than of the purse. Provided, however, that something is done at once to put down corruption in the boroughs, we shall not complain if the task of completely reforming county elections is deferred till the advent of a Reformed Parliament.

The Government Bill has had many lives, and has run the gauntlet of innumerable adverse critics. Mr. BOUVIERIE was perhaps the most indefatigable of all, so much so that he found himself compelled to explain at last to incredulous Ministerial benches that his repeated animadversions have been those, not of an enemy, but of a friend. Mr. BOUVIERIE's personal character removes him completely from all suspicion that his disapproval of the Bill was due to any but the best motives, and it is obvious that he started with a strong bias in favour of retaining, with modifications, the system of that Parliamentary control of which he has more than once been an able and acute administrator. It is, however, unfortunate that the chief opposition to the substitution of local for Parliamentary inquiries, a change of radical importance to the

country, should have been exposed to such pertinacious attack. The transfer of the jurisdiction to the Judges of the Common Law Bench is open to far more objection. The so-called dignity of Parliament would not, however, be satisfied with any other tribunal or any less sacrifice, and for the next three years valuable judicial power will have to be wasted on a labour of purification which would have been better discharged by less learned and less authoritative persons. It is a substantial consolation to reflect that there cannot be a general election every Session, and that in ordinary years three new Judges will be a useful addition to Westminster Hall. It is probably too much to hope that the appointments will be made solely with reference to legal, and in no degree to political, claims. The habit of naming mediocre lawyers to the Bench on the ground that they have proved themselves unwearied attendants at the dullest debates—though broken, to Lord CHEEMSFOED's credit, in the case of Mr. Justice HANNEN—can scarcely be deemed anything but inveterate. Public opinion, on the other hand, will hardly on this occasion excuse the Government if they neglect an unlooked-for opportunity of adding to the intellectual weight, as well as to the number, of existing Judges; or if considerations of the character and *morale* of the Bench are postponed to the supposed claims of individuals. The possible punishment of a few borough agents or their employers would be too dearly purchased by the bestowal of the vacant legal prizes on inferior or untrustworthy men.

Unsuccessful attempts were made to reduce the punishment inflicted by the Bill on members found guilty of direct bribery. It is so rarely that a candidate himself presides over the corrupt distribution of the money, even when the sinews of war are provided ultimately by himself, that the penal provisions of the clause in question will not often be put in force. Mr. POWELL's and Mr. LOWE's theory, that seven years' banishment from Parliament was equivalent to depriving a man of all that made life enjoyable, scarcely needs discussion, as a seat in Parliament cannot solely be considered in the light of a personal luxury, or even a private emolument. Much as political picnics may value the enjoyment of their place in the House, it is still more essential that bribers should be put down with a high hand; and a few years of private life, if a penalty of inhuman severity, is a penalty to which all but 658 men in the country are periodically condemned. The suggestion that even Mr. DISRAELI or Mr. GLADSTONE might thus become the victims of horrid and perjured conspirators against their peace was scarcely worthy of Mr. LOWE's good sense, for, even under the new machinery invented for destroying bribery, accused persons will not be condemned unheard. If any one is fitted by nature to support the compulsory absence of the two great men over whose possible sufferings from contingent machinations Mr. LOWE dropped a superfluous tear, it is probably Mr. LOWE himself; but, even in the lifetime of the present wicked generation, we scarcely anticipate seeing his sad forebodings realized. Violent measures which outrun public opinion defeat, no doubt, their own object; but the sole question here is whether for an unscrupulous candidate seven years of ostracism from Parliament is at all too severe. We venture to think that it is not, nor do we believe that the country would think for a moment that it was. If a less term of seclusion were to be imposed, the only result would be that bribery would become even a more certain method of entering Parliament than it now is. As Sir ROUNDELL PALMER aptly remarked, "the unpopularity of the persons who spend large sums of money in corrupt practices is not so great as the advocates of purity 'of election might desire.'" To be unseated one year for profligate and corrupt conduct would be, in more than one borough that might be named, by no means a bad passport to the affections of the constituency; and at the present moment one writ for a vacant seat is actually suspended on the obvious though unavowed ground that the expenditure of last month would tell on any election in this.

The coming election, on which curiosity has for many reasons fixed itself, will be interesting also on this ground, that we shall be able to judge readily and quickly of the working of the new Bribery Bill. Those who do not profess unlimited confidence in Parliamentary panaceas will not be grievously disappointed if the only effect is to render the detection of bribery somewhat more certain than before. To say that the present measure will do much to *prevent* bribery is to attribute to it a virtue which has never been claimed for it, even by its authors. Stringent affirmations, like those framed by Mr. BONHAM CARTER and others, would probably be of some service in rendering corrupt practices the object of the moral censure of the House; but it is no doubt

true that affirmations of the sort have usually been unsuccessful wherever they have been tried, and that they are somewhat objectionable on principle. Bribery, however, is an exceptional kind of offence, against which peculiar measures are needed, and in the last resort an appeal to the conscience and honour of members and candidates is not a remedy to be despised. Certain it is that, without these provisions, the present Bill amounts at most to an improvement of the machinery for detection. Detection, however, is not prevention, still less is it cure. After the general election of 1868, we may see, if the Bill is carried, a few more election petitions, a few less corrupt compromises, a few more successful inquiries, and, consequently, an increased percentage of scandals; but it remains to be seen whether the new constituencies, especially in the South of England, will not upon the whole be more venal even than the old.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE TELEGRAPHS.

WHEN the Bill for transferring the Electric Telegraphs to the Post Office was read in the House of Commons, almost every speaker objected to the measure in principle or in detail; but ultimately the Bill was referred to a Committee consisting partly of avowed supporters on either side, with an addition of members supposed to be impartial, as they were appointed by the Committee of Selection. The constitution of hybrid Committees is a disgrace to the House of Commons, and it might have been supposed that the fictitious proceedings in the Foreign Cattle Market inquiry would alone have sufficed to put an end to a perverse and mischievous system; but although the great majority of the Telegraph Committee was from the first favourable to the measure which it was instructed to consider, the final decision is not unsatisfactory. The evidence as to the public convenience is entirely on one side, for it cannot be doubted that it is better to pay a shilling for a message than eighteen-pence, or that, in the great majority of cases, it will be more convenient to send to the nearest Post Office than to the telegraph or railway station. When there is no need for immediate despatch, a stamped message deposited in a pillar-box will be taken with the next delivery to the office, and then transmitted to its destination. In almost all cases the Post Office is in the centre of population, while, except in large towns, messages can only be sent from the railway stations, which are, from the nature of the case, likely to be in the outskirts of towns. When loss or inconvenience is incurred by delay or mistake, the Post Office will not hold itself responsible; but the Telegraph Companies had provided for themselves almost complete immunity, by printing on the back of every message-paper a long string of exemptions and conditions which practically deprived their customers of any remedy in case of failure; and it has been decided by the Courts that the Companies were not liable to damages for incidental loss, as when a broker or merchant was prevented, by the non-delivery of a message, from concluding an advantageous bargain. The community, as distinguishable from the State, will derive almost unmixed advantage from the transfer, and the classes which are most familiar with the practical working of the telegraph system were unanimously favourable to the change. The suggestion that secret communications would be exposed to official inquisition was not founded on any serious alarm. The clerks of the Telegraph Companies are not exempt from a propensity to blab, and the evil is not likely to be aggravated when they are more fully employed. It has often been stated that secrets seldom or never transpire through compositors, either because they are influenced by feelings of professional honour, or because they are fully occupied with their proper business. A telegraphic operator who worked equally hard would be not less indifferent to the subject-matter on which he was mechanically engaged; but the real answer to the objection was that the Post Office is not a curious department, and that a great change must take place in official practice, and in English modes of thought, before it could be converted into a machine for supplying information to the most inquisitive Secretary of State. Important secrets, such as treasonable plots and speculative bargains, can easily be transmitted in cipher; and Mr. HARDY and his successor will certainly not add to their multifarious labours the irksome duty of prying, through the Post Office, into the ordinary scandal of society. The original opponents of the Telegraph Bill discovered a more plausible objection to the supply, by the Government, of the political and general news and reports which are at present collected for provincial journals by the

agents of the Companies; but, unfortunately for the success of the argument, it appeared that the newspaper proprietors were universally dissatisfied with the present system, and that they agree with the Chambers of Commerce in desiring to deal exclusively with the Post Office. Should the telegraphic staff of editors and reporters be dissolved, the newspaper managers will resume their proper function of collecting and transmitting information through the dispassionate wires. If a speech of Mr. BRIGHT or Mr. DISRAELI is at any time mutilated or delayed, the House of Commons will not be indisposed to call the Department to account.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was to blame for the careless injustice of his original proposal for expropriating the Telegraph Companies. The most prudent plan would have been to negotiate with the Directors; or, if it was considered necessary to take the property of the shareholders without their consent, the Government should, in accordance with all precedent, have determined on a compulsory purchase of all the undertakings. Mr. WARD HUNT, or his advisers, with an injudicious smartness, devised a plan for acquiring the telegraphs which was scarcely distinguishable from a partial confiscation. According to the Bill, the Government was authorized to purchase all or any of the undertakings, with the condition that, on buying the property of any single Company, the Government might be compelled to take the rest at a price to be settled by arbitration. As it would have been impossible to compete with the Post Office, the sale would have been forced upon the Companies by a contrivance which would have given the allowance for compulsory purchase to the buyer instead of the vendor; and it might perhaps have been contended that the arbitrator, in estimating the value of the undertakings, would have been bound to take into account the prospect of irresistible competition. An injustice which would in any case have been flagrant was especially intolerable when it affected proprietors who had introduced, at considerable risk, an invaluable discovery. It cannot be for the public advantage that the State should discountenance private enterprise by appropriating the fruits of every successful experiment. The remonstrances which were provoked by the reckless proposal of the Government have happily produced their full effect; for, before the Bill went into Committee, the Telegraph Companies had agreed to sell their property on equitable terms, and at a later period the Railway Companies and the owners of the submarine lines also agreed, for sufficient consideration, to assent to the transfer. As the evidence of commercial witnesses in favour of the Bill was overwhelming, it only remained to consider the financial character of the operation. Mr. GOSCHEN and one or two other members of the Committee object to the terms of the bargain, and a journal which has always displayed an unaccountable animosity to all joint-stock enterprise gravely contends that, since the Companies have assented to the preamble of the Bill, they must submit, without further remedy, to any terms which may be imposed by Parliament—or, in other words, by the purchaser of their property. Cynical injustice, in the absence of personal interest, is only to be explained by confusion of intellect. The Companies have sold their property to the Post Office, or rather to the Treasury, on terms which are subject to the approval of Parliament. Mr. GOSCHEN has a perfect right, in the exercise of his discretion, to object to the conditions of the bargain; but it is obvious that, with the failure of the consideration offered by the Government, the Companies are remitted to their former position. The proposal that they should be bound by their assent to the Bill, and that the Government should not be bound to pay the price of their acquiescence, is, fortunately, too shameless to be advanced in the House of Commons.

The question of price is the only important matter which remains for the consideration of Parliament. It may well be that the telegraph system might be greatly improved and cheapened by arrangements which nevertheless would not be advantageous to the revenue. The penny postage, although it never subjected the Post Office to actual loss, greatly reduced its profits for a long period, and the net receipts of 1839 were not reached for twenty-five years after the adoption of the new and admirable system; yet, if it had been possible to trace the collateral effects of cheap postage on the paper duty, and on other taxes, it is highly probable that the scheme would be found to have been profitable from its inception. The original outlay of the Government for the telegraphs will not fall much short of 5,000,000*l.*; and probably the immediate receipts will scarcely amount to 200,000*l.* a year. It may be argued with some plausibility that it is not allowable to tax the entire community for the benefit of a minority

which sends telegraphic messages; but it is desirable that Government should sometimes prefer a partial good, involving a corresponding sacrifice, to absolute inaction. If Parliament is satisfied by Mr. SCUDAMORE'S statistics that the telegraphs will within five years pay a fair interest on the original outlay, it would be mere prudery to deny the country the enjoyment of a great benefit in order to avoid a small reduction in the surplus revenue of the Post Office. There will be a certain economy, and an appreciable public advantage, in raising the condition and the qualifications of the servants of a great Department of State. A functionary who manages the Government savings'-banks, the annuities, and the telegraphs will be better paid and more enlightened than the simple distributor of letters; and the effect of superior competence will be felt in the discharge of the duties proper to a postmaster, as well as in the performance of supplementary functions. On the whole, Parliament will do well to confirm the arrangements which have been approved by the Committee; and the House of Commons will not listen to the impudent proposal of seizing the property of the Companies without paying the stipulated price.

#### THE DEBATE ON THE ADMIRALTY.

THERE must be something very much out of joint in the Parliamentary machinery for dealing with administrative questions, when a majority of nearly two to one against a project of reform is looked upon as a triumphant victory for the reformers. And yet this is the real position of the great question on which the Admiralty have kept the country at bay for the last ten years. All the argument, and nearly all the authority, in the House of Commons is in favour of turret-ships; almost all the practice of the Admiralty, and the overwhelming preponderance of votes, is in favour of broadside vessels, which are nevertheless doomed as certainly as the old-fashioned three-deckers were years before the Board had left off building them. It seems almost hopeless to look for any change in this system. The Admiralty, or any other administrative office, gets into a wrong groove, and every one who ever has been, or ever expects to be, in office seems to consider it his bounden duty to use his vote, and all the influence he can bring to bear, to keep things going in the established groove as long as possible, rather than encourage the practice of finding fault with official management. The Government whip does the rest, and every independent critic has the satisfaction of finding that, with all the reasoning on his side, the division-list is certain to be against him. Discouraging as this inevitable state of things is, the men who, like Captain MACKINNON and Mr. SEELY and their supporters, strive to introduce common sense into the management of the navy will not altogether lose their labour. After a certain number of defeats necessitated by our Parliamentary system, they will wake up some day to find the First Lord for the time being adopting their views, and perhaps expressing the deepest regret that his predecessor had not the wisdom to do so at an earlier stage of the controversy. In the meantime many years will have been lost, and many millions will have been thrown away; but if it were not for the exertions of independent members, the time and the money wasted might be still more considerable. This may be poor consolation to reformers for repeated discomfiture in the House, but it should be enough to encourage them in efforts without which it would be in vain to hope that any ray of outside intelligence would ever penetrate to the Board of Admiralty.

The official cause lost nothing in the debate of last Monday by the advocacy of Lord H. LENNOX, who said all that his chief, if present, could have urged, and more perhaps than Mr. CORRIE, with his antecedents, would have found it easy to say. As is the case in all these debates, the representative of the Admiralty found it necessary to keep in hand two conflicting principles, the one to be applied to outside projects, the other to the plans of the Controller and the Chief Constructor, which it is the pleasure of the Admiralty to support. When the question is under consideration whether it would be wise to proceed more vigorously with the construction of turret-ships, Lord H. LENNOX is all on the side of caution, and has the greatest horror of repeating or varying an experiment that has not been fully tested. If a Commission were appointed now, its members would have, it was urged, to decide between practical experiments on the one side and theoretical views on the other. No doubt this is true, for the simple reason that practical experiments of newfangled broadside ships have been tried in every conceivable form,

while the test of experiment has been until quite recently steadily refused to the turret system, notwithstanding the strong reasons which existed for giving it the earlier trial as the more promising, if not the only possible, method of building a really powerful and impregnable armoured ship. Because the Admiralty have steadily refused for years to give the turret principle a fair trial, we are told that we must still go on repeating experiments with broadsides, which in the great majority of cases have been total failures, and not, even in the best specimen, a complete success.

The resolution not to multiply copies of an experiment until its value had been proved by actual trial would have much to recommend it if it could be applied impartially to every novel project. But this is simply impossible. We must build ships a great deal faster than would be possible if we required every vessel to be tested before another was laid down. Accordingly, when the prudence of reproducing any unsuccessful type of broadside ship is under discussion, Lord H. LENNIX quite forgets his cautious maxims, and thinks only of the necessity of keeping pace with other countries. Nearly all our ironclads are convicted of rolling so fearfully as to be useless in a sea-way. Scarcely one of them is proof against the artillery which may be brought to bear on them. There are degrees of merit and demerit, but the best are far short of what there is good reason to believe we should have possessed if turret cruisers had been tried in time to be now afloat; and the worst of them are dismal failures. Scarcely any two are alike, and each new vessel is a new experiment, the success of which must depend on the theoretical considerations which are ignominiously rejected when a turret-ship is proposed. To justify what has been done, it was necessary to lay down a new set of principles as nearly as possible the reverse of those relied on to excuse the neglect of the turret theory. The great variety of experimental types among the broadside vessels afloat had been referred to as evidence of the extremely unsettled views of our naval constructors, and Lord H. LENNIX was ready with his defence. "In an age of continual advance, it could not be said that the Admiralty were to adopt one fixed type, even though some years ago it might have been the most powerful known. A ship built to-day on the most scientific principles would become obsolete in a few years, and it was therefore no fault in the Admiralty that they had endeavoured to keep pace with the advance of scientific knowledge by making improvements in the type of vessels they were building." This is very sound reasoning in itself, but it is difficult to understand how it can justify experiments in novel broadsides resting mainly on the ingenious, but not often happy, devices of the Chief Constructor, without at the same time justifying, and indeed imperatively demanding, at least an equal amount of experimental energy in the direction in which scientific knowledge has for a long time been advancing. The special experience of the last few years has distinctly brought out two or three new facts in shipbuilding. In the first place, it is certain that an ironclad, to be of any use at all—even to keep out shells from such guns as are already constructed, and still more from such as are certain before long to be perfected—must carry a plating of iron heavier than any broadside has yet been able to support, and probably heavier than any vessel smaller than the *Great Eastern* will ever be able to support over the vast surface exposed by the necessarily high free-board of a broadside man of war. Before long we shall have, on this account alone, either to give up armour altogether, or else to abandon our prejudice in favour of high free-board. But this is not the only contribution which science has made of late years to the art of shipbuilding. It has taught us that the tall-sided ironclads we have been building cannot be made steady enough to enable their guns to be used in anything like heavy weather, while a ship with low free-board is almost as steady as a rock in the worst of seas. Yet another scientific conclusion points in the same direction. The guns which it will be necessary to use in future warfare are too heavy to be worked on any but the turn-table method, and the turn-table in a ship which pretends to be armoured must be surrounded by a turret. These three results contain in substance the advance which our knowledge has made, say in the last ten years; and when it is rightly enough urged that the Admiralty must vary its experiments in order to keep pace with scientific advances, it is only natural to ask whether the new experiments have been guided by the teachings of experience, or whether they have all tended in one direction while science has been steadily pointing in the other.

And no one can be in doubt as to the answer. If sound theory based on ascertained facts had determined the course

of Admiralty experiments, we should have had a score of experimental turret-ships with low free-boards against one broadside vessel with the old-fashioned wall of some fifteen feet high for an enemy to pound at. But exactly the reverse has happened. As evidence accumulated against the possibility of making armour both lofty and adequately strong, the sides of our ships were built higher and higher out of the water until the absurdity culminated in the *Monarch*, whose sides outtop the tallest ship in the navy, notwithstanding that her turrets would render her independent of a condition from which a broadside vessel cannot altogether escape. So again, when it is found that heavier guns must be mounted, and that those we already send to sea cannot be cast loose except in the finest weather, all the efforts of the Admiralty are devoted to new modes of mounting broadside guns to the exclusion of the turn-table, the only known contrivance for working heavy ordnance with facility and safety on board of a man-of-war.

No one need be surprised at any inconsistency in those who have to defend the Admiralty. Were it not so, it might seem strange that the experimental method of progress should be condemned when it is sought to apply it to the turret-ships, which all the highest authorities approve, and, on the other hand, warmly adopted in the vain attempt to move in a direction exactly opposite to that which all recent scientific experience recommends.

#### MANNERS.

THERE are persons who believe that the standard of good manners in England is on the whole much lower than it was; that politeness and courtesy are neither so common nor so well understood as they used to be; and that the acquisition of enormous wealth by the middle class has been the means of barbarizing us all to a really formidable extent. Evidence of this is supposed to be found in the rudeness which one is accustomed to meet with and to hear of in railway travelling; in the pushing and undisguised selfishness with which every man does that which is right in his own eyes, with the smallest possible consideration for his next-door neighbour; in the substitution of a stiff formalism by the vulgar rich for the frank and genial intercourse which one may find, either among the aristocracy, as Mr. Carlyle says, on the one hand, or among the better sort of workmen on the other. About the actual fact there may be some difference of opinion. There are so many optimists in the world who insist that everything goes on in the finest way imaginable, that there is sure to be some resistance to the admission of a disagreeable truth. English people need not be reluctant to admit it, at any rate, on merely patriotic grounds, for Frenchmen are making just the same complaint of their country too. The Second Empire is declared to be the empire of ill manners. The nation which was once the type of politeness is now pronounced, even by its own citizens, to be polite no more, but rather, as the corruption of the best is the worst, to be the least polite; is pronounced to have become curt, hard, un-plastic, irritable, almost brutal, by comparison with what it was. In either case, alike in England as in France, there have been the same general influences at work. Both countries have seen the rise of a class of newly enriched people, who have neither tradition nor mental culture from which to draw the habit and the maxims of politeness. These persons have neither the long accumulated habit of good manners, such as you may find in an oldish aristocracy, nor the rich soil which culture deposits in the mind of the scholar, and from which all choicest fruits of behaviour spring, nor the simple dignity and gracious self-respect of a Scotch peasant or a thrifty and industrious English artisan. The rise into colossal prominence of rich manufacturers and merchants of all sorts, gorged to repletion with gold, would of itself suffice to explain the deterioration of manners which one deplures. For nothing is easier to understand than the lack of good manners evinced by this highly important set of persons. The essence of good manners is ease, and ease is just what the new rich cannot have. Look at the conduct and carriage of the first of them you meet. It has all the stiffness, discomfort, elaborate artificiality, of his own shiniest new furniture. He is no more like a truly well-mannered lord or scholar or peasant than his own gorgeous mansion of bright stone, with gilt laid thick on every room, adorned with the staring pictures of those modern English masters whom rich manufacturers love to honour, and pranked out with all manner of costly gaudinesses, is like the venerable glory of an ancient baronial hall, or the dim religious splendour of the Bodleian Library, or the simple propriety of a humble man's home. The manners of the new rich are no more like good manners than Mr. Frith's colouring is like the colouring of Titian. And this because the new rich are not socially at their ease. Depending on outside opinion, trembling at its breath, relying on nothing in themselves except their vulgar cash, and yet deeply ignorant of the true way to conciliate the outside opinion of those who are either above them or below them, as well as of the true way of raising themselves beyond this enervating dependence, they are as uncomfortable as big school-boys, no longer lads and not yet men. They have a discomfiting idea that the aristocracy dislike them, and that the

literary class scorns them. In their inmost hearts they have a secret consciousness that the golden weapon with which they hope to make their way is, after all, about the meanest in the whole social armoury. How can you have the perfection of manners out of such a moral position as this? The Scotch peasant learns his self-respecting manners out of his democratic interpretation of the Bible; the wise and meditative scholar learns grace and dignity by constant contact with the best products of the human mind; the aristocrat from respect for his name and the family portraits. All these people have one common quality; they do not want anything from anybody. But the newly-moneyed man usually wants everything, save money only, from everybody. He covets the deference of the poor, the respect of the learned, and the companionship of the high-born. Thus the abundance of his hard cash does not at all prevent him from being the veriest beggar, the neediest man, in the whole world. The one solid pleasure he has left to him is the contempt which he clandestinely entertains for poorer persons in his own rank. And no man who in this way makes money the private standard of worth and service can be anything but a vulgarian, though a thin veneer may cover up his barbarism well enough to make him moderately presentable at dinner and on other social occasions.

The truth is that to the making of good manners there must either be in the man himself, or have been in those from whom he inherits their tradition, a mixture of moral and intellectual qualities, in neither ingredient of which are our new rich men very strong. A Duchess can be polite, and so can Robert Burns. We require the moral capacity for genial sympathy, and the intellectual capacity for discerning the fitness of things in this or that special set of circumstances. To possess either of these gifts fully and without detriment one must have a certain serenity of mind, which shall allow the unconstrained and gracious play of interest in other persons, and shall permit one's vision of the true aspect of our relations with them to operate free from the clouds which a hungry hunting for their good opinion or good word interposes. The worst and the commonest fault in manners arises from a double mistake—first, that artificial effusion is the same thing as sympathetic interest; and next, that friendly relations demand an unreserved interchange of all inmost confidences. Hence the most odious of all varieties of bad manners. Ill-bred reserve is bad enough, but it is not nearly so insufferable, because it does not show nearly so absolute a hollowness of character, as fluent unreserve. An undue reserve may arise from mistaken notions of what constitutes self-respect, but at worst it is the excess of a virtue. A corresponding excess of unreserve shows that the man who displays it does not know what the virtue means. Vulgar-minded people believe that good manners are altogether contained in cordiality, and that cordiality consists mainly in an overflowing readiness to ask and to answer all questions. There is nothing which they will not ask, and nothing which they are not ready to tell. They have no inner shrine of their own, and they do not dream of there being any such sacred place within the minds of other people. Religious doubts, spiritual aspirations, your annual income, your feelings to wife or husband or sister-in-law, all and everything must be held for common wares, to be handled and stared at without let or remonstrance. In the minds of vulgar folk of this sort, a man can have no right of private property in himself. Their theory is a sort of moral communism; each person is to hold his ideas, emotions, and all the rest of himself, subject to the constant right of inspection in anybody who happens to think that they both belong to the same circle. And the double-mindedness of this makes it especially obnoxious; for if it is particularly unpleasant to have to unbosom oneself at a moment's notice, is it a much pleasanter thing to keep yourself in readiness to receive the unbosomed selves of other people? The probable secret of the eagerness of so many persons to receive the confidences of their acquaintance is that they are thus enabled by all laws of fairness and reciprocity to retaliate by inflicting their confidences in turn. Hence what appears like disinterestedness is nothing better than rapacious egotism.

Manners, after all, are but the outcome and symbol of the larger morals. An age of bad manners is always an age of selfishness, in which small and personal interests reign in men's minds to the exclusion of wider and higher interests. When the whole tendency of society is to make a headlong competition for cash the rule and stimulus to action, we may be sure that the narrow and narrowing selfish interests will preponderate, and that the effect of this preponderance will show itself not more in an unscrupulous readiness to drive hard bargains than in a profound inconsiderateness for the feelings of others in the so-called smaller affairs of social life. It is only on condition of being possessed by broad interests, and by cares for matters of large and public concern, that a man is able to acquire the two great elements of fine manners—dignity and unselfishness. To feel yourself a force, however humble, in great movements, to know that you have a share in their products, to recognise that your own life is a part of a grander whole—this must necessarily give a man a peculiar sense of exaltation, which will at once raise the worth of his personality in his own eyes, and inspire him with respect for the personality of his neighbours. All human life acquires new height and dignity. When have manners been finest? When men cared most for some large national or religious interest. Frenchmen in the palmy days of Louis XIV. had fine manners because those were days of national expansion, which seem invariably to give the men who live

in them a size and a demeanour that nothing else can give. And who that reads the literature of the Elizabethan age has not thought of the contrast between the robust and simple manners of that day and the manners of the cotton lord and the *petit-maitre* of to-day? At that time men were filled with new and generous ideas; the great world was much or everything to them, and each man was not wrapped up in his bank-book, and in the mean ostentation of his private acquisitions. There was, in short, a large sincerity in the moral atmosphere; and this is just what we unfortunately lack. The flippancy of which rightly fastidious persons complain in modern manners has its root in the smallness and thinness of the aims which engage men's minds. People cannot infuse a worthy stateliness into their manners when it is not in their hearts. You cannot find the lofty gravity of a Milton in a man who is chiefly thinking of the markets. And modern levity of manners is not a good sort of levity; it is very apt to become merely silly. There was a levity in France in the last century which had its charm, because it was bright and informed with intellect, though intellect misdirected. But our present levity is mostly from the teeth outwards, mere facial grinning. When a man cannot even play the fool sincerely, he is decidedly in bad case; and dull, hollow fooling is perhaps one of the worst vices of modern manners.

#### CANDIDATES' PLEDGES.

THE hundreds of respectable gentlemen who are ambitious of a seat in the next Parliament have just now an unpleasant task before them. Of all the occupations to which the human intellect can be applied, perhaps the most degrading is that of canvassing. The patting babies on the head, and the other time-honoured ceremonies of an English election, are bad enough, though perhaps they may be expected to diminish with the increase of constituencies. No man could kiss all the babies in a metropolitan borough and live. But there is another mode of buying votes without money—to say nothing of the modes of buying it with money—which is more vitally injurious, and which shows an unpleasant tendency to increase. After all, a man who has kissed a baby has done nothing essentially wrong; but a man who has promised, against his conscience, to vote for the ballot or against the Maynooth grant is so far a hypocrite and a humbug. The sin in that naked form which justifies such epithets is sufficiently repulsive; but unfortunately, as in the case of other sins, a man may slide into it by innumerable delicate gradations, and has every advantage in hiding from himself the true nature of his act. In its most grotesque form, the indiscriminate swallowing of pledges is a concession to some little knot of impracticable electors. When prospects are closely balanced, it becomes necessary to wheedle the band of crotchety voters who have some pet nostrum for the salvation of the State. As the excitement rises they see their chance. For once they have the power of seeing their views respectfully treated. For years a harmless enthusiast has been shunned as the bore of the district, and now he suddenly finds an intelligent and educated man listening to his pet bits of nonsense, and even framing some kind of assent to them. Just so a simple-minded clergyman may be astonished on finding how much interest his parishioners take in his sermons when he has some charitable funds to dispense. It is no wonder that the poor candidate has to swallow the nauseous draught; the voter exults in his new disciple; and the disciple goes away, hoping that his faith may never be brought to the test. The best formula on such occasions, we may remark in passing, for the benefit of distressed candidates, is to promise to vote for a Commission of Inquiry whenever the matter comes up. This has an official sound, and leaves abundant scope for evasion. But the troubles suffered at the hands of the perverse few are comparatively trifling. The true man of crotchets, the most pestilent variety of the pestilent genus of the wrongheaded conscientious breed, is fortunately a rarity everywhere. And, moreover, he is generally an innocent creature who can be caught by very inartificial bait. The more important evil is the growth of an exacting spirit on the part of constituents generally—of a tendency to insist upon the candidate swallowing, not merely the party platform, but upon his not making wry faces at any particular plank. It is melancholy to think how many gentlemen of scrupulous veracity in ordinary life are going about at the present moment professing the most unlimited faith in Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli. If we could get them into a quiet corner after dinner, over a cigar, we know perfectly well what they would say. A good many Conservatives would confess that they trust Mr. Disraeli just as far as they can see him, and an equal number of Liberals that they trust Mr. Gladstone because at the present moment they have no choice of following a different leader. In their addresses they will unblushingly rake together all the sounding epithets appropriate to statesmanship, patriotism, lofty principles, disinterested wisdom, and all the rest of it, and pile them upon the head of their party idol. The tendency to swear by some personal leader is probably explicable by the fact that it is easier to sum up all your opinions in one expression of loyalty—though neither you nor your constituents have the least guess how your leader got to his present position, and still less what his position will be next year—than to go through a separate deglutition of each of the necessary political tenets. It saves trouble, and seems to shift the responsibility elsewhere. It is also easier to say, I will point with

the weathercock, than to lay down an exact chart and define the exact points of the compass to which you propose to steer. The ease of mind which comes from a promise to follow blindly some conspicuous leader shows how great is the pressure from which it is sought to escape. "I will always at all hazards stick to Mr. Gladstone," means really, "I wish to avoid expressing any opinion about half a dozen thorny questions;" the constituency will, it is hoped, be thrown off the scent by having so attractive a name drawn across the trail. It implies a preference of party bondage, however severe, to the trouble and risk of expressing independent opinions which may shock some sensitive voters.

There are, indeed, some theorists who would justify the exaction of multitudinous pledges on principle. One candidate has lately published a letter which expresses this opinion in the strongest form. The constituencies, he says, are masters, and the members their servants. The only business of a member is to reflect in the House the opinions of those who have elected him. He is nothing more than a delegate. The constituencies should advertise, not for the ablest, the most virtuous, or the most experienced candidate, but for the gentleman who most nearly represents their views. All they should say is, Wanted a person to vote for the ballot, household suffrage, free trade, woman's votes, a rise in the rate of wages, a diminution in the price of bread, and so on through the whole list of possible or impossible subjects of legislation. They might find it difficult to get suited if, in addition to these qualifications, they insisted on a moderate share of independence or ability. But as these are, by the hypothesis, matters of minor importance, they would no doubt merely be embarrassed by a superfluity of candidates. The theory is consistent enough in its logic, though perhaps humiliating to the pride of a statesman. Only one thing is clear, that the constituents will secure their supposed rights at the expense of their representative's dignity. The plan, in fact, involves one little difficulty. It says to the constituents in substance, Take the man whose views agree with your own; but how are the unlucky voters to know which are these desirable persons? How are they to know which are the honest men who happen to have imbibed the particular set of prejudices in favour, and which are the hypocrites who have adopted them for a purpose? We often wonder, in reading the advertisements in pious newspapers, how many of the families who call for pious cooks and footmen of evangelical principles succeed in getting the genuine article. It is only too certain that the men who contract to deliver a given list of votes will not be so often those who are drawn to the constituency by a spontaneous affinity of sentiments, but those who are ready to buy the honour of a seat by voting without reference to their own personal views. In short, a member of Parliament might do what was required of him, but he would certainly be miserably dependent, and probably a hypocrite. Nothing could be more degrading to a statesman than the sense that he was never to have a will of his own; and indeed the question would occur whether it would not be better to be without an assembly which could have none of the authority derived from independent statesmanship, and to settle everything by an immediate appeal to the elector. In these days of electric telegraphs the vote might be very quickly taken, and an immense deal of useless rhetoric avoided.

This suggestion of course puts the theory in its most extreme form, and is only worth notice as a kind of *reductio ad absurdum* of the principle. That is to say, the unlimited exaction of pledges would mean that Parliament, as merely registering the public voice, should have no sort of moral weight. It would be no better than a set of clerks mechanically counting heads and executing the orders of their masters. Many ardent democrats would shrink from so extreme a view, but it brings out very distinctly one of the most important questions of the day. Even the believers in Mr. Hare's scheme give some countenance incidentally to this doctrine. Parliament, they tell us, should be a photograph, on a small scale, of the nation. Every sect which counts one six-hundred-and-fifty-eighth part of the population should have a member. If two-thirds of the nation happen to believe in any given doctrine, two-thirds of the members of Parliament should also believe in it. There is a certain appearance of mathematical accuracy about this doctrine which recommends it to some minds. The problem of representative government is very much simplified if our one aim should be to construct a model of the country, drawn on a smaller scale. Each member would be the delegate, not of a particular borough, but of the clique of teetotallers or trades' unionists or what not, who were numerous enough to secure a unit in the representative body. The tendency of this doctrine, when applied to a democratic form of government, is obvious. It falls in with that extravagant view of popular rights which is at once most flattering and most pernicious to the people. Mr. Mill said, the other day, that our chief aim at present should be to reconcile the supremacy of a democracy with an efficient administration. In a wider sense, it may be said that the satisfactory working of democratic institutions depends upon the extent to which the cultivated intellect of the country is able to assert its supremacy. All the controversialists who have wrangled over the United States agree at least upon one point, that nothing can be worse than the system of electing judges by a popular vote and for a limited period. This, however, is merely the most exaggerated instance of the jealous spirit which refuses to trust officials, and tethers them within the narrowest possible limits. It is a corollary from the doctrine that the people are so wise and good that they are not merely capable of selecting the best rulers, but that they can superintend their whole course of action. The

natural leaders of opinion are to be mere tools in the hands of the populace. We may take for granted that democratic ideas will continue to spread; but it does not follow, it is to be hoped, that we are all to fall down and flatter the general mass of voters. The intelligent artisan, the hardheaded mechanic—or whatever name pleases him best—should be told that he is a very good fellow in his way, and is perfectly right to insist that the army of the country shall be efficient, that members of Parliament shall be working legislators instead of lazy amateurs, and even that the party to which he belongs shall have a fair hearing, and, if possible, carry the day. A general responsibility to his constituents is not only inevitable, but a healthy stimulus to the legislator, as to other officials. But the virtuous working-man should also be told, for it is the simple truth, that he is, after all, but half-educated at best, and totally incapable of forming a valuable opinion upon many important matters. He must be content to follow instead of leading, and not fancy that, because he can read a newspaper and make a speech, he has a paramount claim to superior wisdom. If he insists upon having a hand in every detail, as well as supplying the power necessary to work the political machine, he will certainly make a mess of it. If the English upper classes have the courage to speak the truth, and claim the authority justly due to superior education, there is at present no reason to doubt that they may retain a sufficient hold in the management of affairs. The great mass of the lower classes are tolerably docile, and even too indifferent to many political questions. But if they are encouraged to exact as many pledges as candidates can be induced to swallow, it will not be the fault of their flatterers if the mob do not undertake to interfere in matters which they are as little capable of managing as their superiors would be of making coats or driving a steam-engine. Such a confusion of functions can only lead to general muddle, and to the abdication by the ablest men of a position which would soon become incompatible with dignity or even respectability.

#### THE FADING FLOWER.

IF there is any part of man's conduct which proves more conclusively than another the baseness of his ingratitude, it is his indifference to the Fading Flower. Woman may well wonder at the charm which prostrates the heavy Guardsman at the feet of the belle of the season. Even the most ardent of worshippers at such a shrine must, one would think, desire in their deity a little more sweetness and light. But the beauty of eighteen summers is trained to look on worship as simply her due, and to regard amiability as a mere superfluity. She knows she can summon an adorer by one beckon of her fan, and dismiss him by another. A bow will repay the most finished of pretty speeches, and conversation can be conducted at the least possible expense by the slight trouble of recollecting who was at Lady A.'s ball, and the yet slighter trouble of guessing who is likely to be at Lady C.'s. It is utterly needless to bestow any labour on society when society takes it as a crowning favour to be suffered simply to adore. There is a certain grandeur, therefore, of immobility about the English beauty, a statuesque perfection which no doubt has great merits of its own. But it must be owned that it is not amusing, and that it is only the intensity of our worship which saves us from feeling it to be dull. Beauty is apt to be a little heavy on the stairs. A shade of distress flits over the loveliest of faces if we stray for a moment beyond the happy hunting-ground of the ball-room or the Opera, the last Academy or the next Horticultural. Beautiful beings are made, they feel, not to amuse, but to be amused. The one object of their enthusiasm is the "funny Bishop" who turns a great debate into a jest for the entertainment of his fair friends in the Ladies' Gallery. The object of their social preference is the young wit who lounges up to tell his last little story, and then, without boring them for a reply, lounges away again. The debt which they owe to society is simply the morning ride which keeps them blooming through the season. The debt which society owes to them is that eternal succession of gay nothings which keeps London in a whirl till the grouse are ready for the sacrifice. In a word, woman in her earlier stages is simply receptive. Light and sweetness come in with the Fading Flower. It is when the shy retreat of the elder sons makes way for the shyer approach of their younger brothers that woman becomes fragrant and intelligent. The old indifference quickens into a subdued vivacity; Hermione descends from her pedestal and warms into flesh and blood. She turns chatty, and her chat inseparably deepens into conversation. She discovers a new interest in life and in the last novel of the season. She ventures on the confines of poetry, and if she does not read Mr. Tennyson's *Lucretius*, she keeps his photograph in her album. She flings herself with a far greater ardour into the mysteries of croquet. She has been known to garden. As petal after petal floats down to earth she becomes artistic. She reads, she talks Mr. Ruskin. She has her own views on Venice and its Doges, her enthusiasm over Alps and artisans. The slow approach of autumn brings her to politics. She is deep in Mr. Disraeli's novels, and quotes Mr. Gladstone's Homer. She speculates on Charlie's chances for the county. She knows why the Home Secretary was absent from the last division. The drop of another petal warns her further afield. She is manly now; she comes in at breakfast with her hair about her ears, and a tale of the gallop she has had across country. She takes you over the farm, and laughs at your ignorance of pigs. She peeps into the odoriferous sanctum

upstairs, and owns to a taste for cigarettes. She is slightly horsey, and knows to a pound the value of her mare. Another season, and she is interested in Church questions, and inquires what is the next "new thing" at St. Andrew's. She adores Lord Shaftesbury, or works frontals for St. Gogmagog. She collects for the Irish missions, or misses an *entrée* on Eves. It is only as woman fades that we realize the versatility, the inexhaustible resources, of woman.

The one scene, however, where the Fading Flower is perhaps seen at her best is the County Archaeological Meeting. Of all rural delusions this is perhaps the pleasantest, and if the name is forbidding, the Fading Flower knows how little there is in a name. About half a dozen old gentlemen, of course, take the thing in grand earnest. It is beyond measure amusing to peep over the learned Secretary's shoulder, to see the grey heads wagging and the spectacles in full play over the list of promised papers, to watch the carefully planned details, the solemn array of morning meetings, the grave excursions from abbey to castle, from castle to church, the graver soirées where Dryasdust revels amidst armour and knickknackery. It is even more amusing to see the Fading Flower step in at the close of this learned preparation, and with a woman's alchemy turn all this dust to gold. A little happy audacity converts the morning meetings into convenient gatherings for the groups of the day, the excursion resolves itself into a refined picnic, the learned soirée becomes a buzzing conversation. Those who look forward with interest to woman's entrance into our Universities may gather something of the results to be expected from such a step in the fields of rural archaeology. Her very presence at the meeting throws an air of gentle absurdity over the whole affair. It is difficult for the driest of antiquaries to read a paper on Roman roads in the teeth of a charming being who sleeps to the close, and then awakes only to assure him it was "very romantic." But it must be confessed that the charming being has very little trouble with the antiquaries. Half the fun of the thing lies in the ease and grace of her taming of Dryasdust; the learned Professor dies at her touch into "a dear delightful old thing," and fetches and carries all day with a perfect obedience. It is a delightful change from town, a sort of glorified afternoon in a pastoral Zoological, this junketing among the queer unclubbable animals of science and history. There is a noble disdain of rheumatism in the ardour with which they plunge into the dark and mysterious vaults where their wilful student insists, with Mr. Froude, that those poor monks snatched their damp and difficult slumber; and there is a noble disdain of truth in their suppression of the treacherous and unsentimental "beer-cellar" which trembles on their lips. Woman, in fact, carries her atmosphere of romantic credulity into the grey and arid scepticism of a groping archaeology. She frowns down any suggestion of the improbability of a pretty story, she believes in the poison-sucking devotion of Queen Eleanor, she shrugs her shoulders impatiently at a whisper of Queen Mary's wig. Every kitchen becomes a torture-chamber, every drain a subterranean passage. But resolute as she is on this point of the poetry of the past, on all other questions she is the most docile of pupils. Her interest, her listening power, her curiosity, is inexhaustible. If she has a passion, indeed, it is for Early English. But she has a proper awe for Romanesque, and a singular interest in Third Pointed. She is ruthless in insisting on her victim's spelling out every word of a brass in Latin that she cannot understand, and which he cannot translate. She collects little fragments of Roman brick, and wraps them up in tissue-paper for preservation at home like bride-cake. She is severe on restoration, and merciless on whitewash. She plunges, in fact, gallantly into the spirit of the thing, but she gracefully denudes it of its bareness and pedantry. Her bugle sings truce at midday for luncheon. She couches in the deep grass of the abbey ruins, and gathers in picturesque groups beneath castle walls. A flutter of silks, a ripple of feminine laughter, distract the audience from graver disquisitions. It is difficult to discuss the exact date of a moulding when soda-water bottles are popping beneath one's antiquarian nose. After all, archaeologists are men, and sandwiches are sandwiches. It is at that moment perhaps that the Fading Flower is at her best. Her waning attractions are heightened artistically by the background of old fogies. Her sentiment blends with the poetry of the ruins around. The young squire, the young parson, who have been yawning under the prose of Dryasdust, find refreshment in the gay prattle of archaeological woman. The sun too is overpowering, and a pretty woman leaning on one's arm in the leafy recesses of a ruined castle is sometimes more overpowering than the sun. There is much in the romance of the occasion. There is a little perhaps in the champagne. At any rate the Fading Flower blooms often into matronly life under the kindly influences of archaeological meetings, and antiquarian studies flourish gaily under the patronage of woman.

There is a certain melancholy in tracing further the career of the Fading Flower. We long to arrest it at each of these picturesque stages, as we long to arrest the sunset in its lovelier moments of violet and gold. But the sunset dies into the grey of eve, and woman sets with the same fatal persistency. The evanescent tints fade into the grey. Woman becomes hard, angular, colourless. Her floating sentiment, so graceful in its mobility, curdles into opinions. Her conversation, so charmingly impalpable, solidifies into discussion. Her character, like her face, becomes rigid and osseous. She entrenches herself in the 'ologies. She works pinafores for New Zealanders in the May Meetings,

and appears in wondrous bonnets at the Church Congress. She adores Mr. Kingsley because he is earnest, and groans over the triviality of the literature of the day. She takes up the grievances of her sex, and badgers the puzzled overseer who has omitted to place her name on the register. She pronounces old men fogies, and young men intolerable. She throws out dark hints of her intention to compose a great work which shall settle everything. Then she bursts into poetry, and pens poems of so fiery a passion that her family are in consternation lest she should elope with the half-pay officer who meets her by moonlight on the pier. Then she plunges into science, and cuts her hair short to be in proper trim for Professor Huxley's lectures. For awhile she startles her next neighbour at dinner with speculations on molluscs, and questions as to the precise names of the twelve hundred new species of fish that Professor Agassiz has caught in the river Orinoco. There is a more terrible stage when she becomes heretical, subscribes to the support of Mr. Tonneson and pities the poor Bishop of Natal. But from this she is commonly saved by the deepening of eve. Little by little all this restless striving against the monotony of her existence dies down into calm. The grey of life hushes the Fading Flower into the kindly aunt, the patient nurse, the gentle friend of the poor. It is hard to recognise the proud beauty, the vivacious flirt, the sentimental poetess of days gone by in the practical little woman who watches by Harry's sick-bed or hurries off with blankets and broth down the lane. In some such peace the Fading Flower commonly finds her rest—a peace unromantic, utilitarian, and yet not perhaps unbeautiful. She has found—as she tells us—her work at last; and yet in the life that seems so profitless she has been doing a work after all. She has at any rate vindicated her sex against the charge of what Mr. Arnold calls Hebraism. She has displayed in Hellenic roundness the completeness of the nature of woman. Compared with the quick transitions, with the endless variety of her life, the life of man seems narrow and poor. There is hardly a phase of human thought, of human action, which she has not touched, and she has never touched but to adorn. If she has faded, she has revealed a new power and beauty and fragrance at each stage in her decay. Nothing in her life has proved so becoming as her leaving it. The song of ingenuity, of triumph, of defiance, which has rung along the course of her decline, softens at its close into a swan-song of peace and gentleness and true womanhood.

#### BEATIFICATION.

WE have all heard for some time past that Christopher Columbus and Joan of Arc are about to be added to the roll-call of saints. As we have not yet heard that the decree of canonization has actually gone forth, it may perhaps be that the act is delayed for awhile in order that the rank of sainthood may be conferred next year by the full authority of an Ecumenical Council. But the curious in these matters tell us that, below the rank of full sainthood, there is an inferior stage, a sort of bachelor's degree in sanctity, which, by those who are accurate in such distinctions, is marked with a B., as the higher rank is with an S. Of two Primates of England at the end of the eleventh century, one is properly described as S. Anselm, while his predecessor is only B. Lanfranc. This B., we need hardly say, stands for Beatus or Blessed, and may of course be also applied to those in the higher rank. Every S. is a B. but every B. is not an S. Since the Papal authority was cast off, the Church of England has not ventured to enroll any one in the full rank of sainthood, but one or two people seem to have been as it were beatified by a side-wind. For instance, Charles the First was proclaimed, till Lord Stanhope released us from that bondage, to be a Martyr and a Blessed King. The Preface to the Prayer-Book again implies, in a passage of which we shall have to speak again, that there have been in England "several princes of blessed memory since the Reformation." In fact we are not clear that a man might not be in some sort beatified while alive. The usual greeting to a Pope was, and perhaps still is, "oscula pedum beatorum," and King Harry the Eighth is said, in divers Acts of Parliament, to have taken this and that "into his most blessed remembrance." Still these titles have not been altogether lasting; we do not commonly speak of S. or B. Charles, or even of S. or B. Henry. As for B. Charles, he has a church dedicated to him at Plymouth; but people shrink from adding either letter, and it sounds rather funny to hear the building spoken of as "Charles" and its pastor as the "Vicar of Charles." With these precedents before us, we cannot object to see the rite of beatification performed by one who may fairly rank as "alterius orbis Apostolicus." Among Byzantine dignitaries we sometimes light on a personage so great as to be called *Panhypersebastos*, and surely the Earl of Shaftesbury may, after the same pattern, be described as *Panhypermetropolitita*. That such an one should be beatified is not wonderful; it is more remarkable that the same function should be exercised, in the immediate presence of his chief, by so humble a henchman—perhaps we should rather say a suffragan—as the Bishop of Carlisle. Both of them, in their late speeches, beatify, but with this difference. Lord Shaftesbury beatifies a man, or at least a boy; Bishop Waidegrave beatifies a whole period. Let us deal first, as is proper, with the higher dignity. The clay cannot refuse precedence to the potter. The Bishop of Carlisle and the other Bishops, if there be any, of his way of thinking, cannot refuse to walk reverently in the wake of the Pope of their own Law, who made them what they are.

It seems then that a certain Dr. Littledale has been using very strong language about certain persons and certain events in the sixteenth century. In so doing he does not stand alone. We know of no time about which people in general are more in the habit of using strong language. It was the habit of the age itself, and men who have much to do with the writings of that age naturally pick it up. It was a habit not peculiar to any one party; there is very little to choose between the manner of speech of energetic Papists and of energetic Protestants. We do not believe that even Dr. Littledale would speak of Lord Shaftesbury and the Bishop of Carlisle as "beastly belly-gods and damnable dunghills"; but, if he did, he would be doing no more than that pillar of the Reformed Faith, John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, did by his brother Bishop, Edmund Bonner of London. We will not hurt Lord Shaftesbury's feelings by doing more than hint at the cruel things which divers malignant Papists have said about the blessed Queen Elizabeth, and about her blessed mother, from whose eyes we have no doubt that Lord Shaftesbury believes Gospel-light to have flashed. But we cannot help thinking it possible that either Lord Shaftesbury or Bishop Waldegrave may, some time or other, in the excitement of Exeter Hall, have so far forgotten himself as to speak of "Bloody Mary." We know not whether their refined tastes would let them go on in the language of her own day and speak of Her Majesty as a "jolly Jezebel."

Dr. Littledale's offence, and the general offence of Lord Shaftesbury's enemies, is that they speak disrespectfully of certain persons in the sixteenth century who are very dear to Lord Shaftesbury's heart. Dr. Littledale does not scruple to say that "the evil reign of that wretched tiger-cub Edward the Sixth was ruinous to the Universities." This cuts Lord Shaftesbury to the quick; it is with him evidently a pure matter of feeling; "a most cruel expression is used in reference to that innocent and blessed Prince Edward the Sixth." Here it is that the beatifying power comes forth in all its fulness. But one word first as to the matter of fact. Lord Shaftesbury is an Oxford man; has he ever been present on any of those solemn occasions when the University returns thanks for her benefactors? Perhaps he has not; he may have thought that returning thanks for benefactors was something too nearly akin to praying for their souls. If he has, he very likely thought it a most cruel omission when he heard the University impartially return thanks for King Henry the Eighth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, while it did not find a word of thanksgiving for his own "innocent and blessed Prince." Now to any one who has studied the history of the time carefully and without prejudice, both Lord Shaftesbury's expression and Dr. Littledale's expression will seem to contain some truth, but at the same time to be absurdly exaggerated. We once wrote an article specially about Edward the Sixth; we do not suppose that Lord Shaftesbury read it; or, if he did, he probably simply lifted up his hands at the wickedness of those who would not at once fall down and worship innocence and blessedness. Now we are quite sure that we did not call Edward the Sixth "innocent and blessed," and we are just as sure that we did not call him a "wretched tiger-cub." Yet we can quite understand what each disputant means when he gives him those widely different descriptions. Each seizes on one side of his character. No one can doubt young Edward's heart-felt devotion and zeal for what he thought right in religion. And as that devotion and zeal was, at least in his later years, exercised in a direction of which Lord Shaftesbury happens to approve, Lord Shaftesbury naturally calls him innocent and blessed. But any one who knows him more minutely than Lord Shaftesbury is likely to do knows that, young as he was, the true devil of the Tudors, the lawful offspring it may be of the older devil of the Angevins, ever and anon showed itself in him. If Dr. Littledale had been reading the entries in Edward's journal about the beheading of his own uncle, we are not surprised at Dr. Littledale calling him a tiger-cub. In fact, though the expression is rather too much for the nineteenth century, we do not altogether dislike it; there is at least a vigour about it which contrasts favourably with Lord Shaftesbury's whine about "cruel expressions," and about "innocence and blessedness." However, here we have the beatifying power duly exercised. Edward the Sixth is, on the highest authority, pronounced to be Blessed, and we trust that in all publications bearing the stamp of Exeter Hall, *Beatus Edwardus*—no connexion with either of the Sancti Edwardi of an earlier time—will never again be mentioned without the distinctive B. now formally conferred upon him.

But the Bishop of Carlisle goes further. It is not enough for him to beatify one person, however innocent; he beatifies something much wider; he beatifies the "blessed Reformation." But herein he is at a great disadvantage as compared with his chief. We know what Lord Shaftesbury beatifies; there is no doubt as to the personality of Edward the Sixth. But what is it that Bishop Waldegrave beatifies? We cannot help suspecting that he is in the somewhat Samaritan state of worshipping he knows not what. We ask again, as we have often asked before, what is "the Reformation," blessed or otherwise? The Preface to the Prayer-Book uses the word, but does not define it. All we gather is that between "the Reformation" and the reign of Charles the Second several princes of blessed memory had reigned in England. Neither does the Bishop of Carlisle give us a definition now; but we gather from his speech that it is something to which "we owe the temporal as well as the spiritual liberties of England," and also that it is something which "the

Church of England represents in her articles, homilies, and other formularies." We had always thought that the Reformation was something which happened in the sixteenth century, and to the sixteenth century the Bishop seems to send us by his mention of the articles and homilies. But for an event—if it be an event—to which we owe the temporal as well as the spiritual liberties of England, we should more naturally look either to the thirteenth or to the seventeenth century. Has the Bishop been reading—we cannot suppose that a Bishop has been seeing—the play of King John, and did he think that the declarations about the King being Supreme Head and about no Italian priest tithing or tolling in his dominions were enough to transport the Reformation back to the days of the revered monarch who granted the Great Charter? Or had he, after all, some confused notion that the Prayer-Book to which he is bound is really a work of the seventeenth and not of the sixteenth century? and did he jumble up the period of the Act of Uniformity with times a little earlier or a little later, with the days of Pym or with the days of Somers? Our puzzlement is further increased when the Bishop tells us that "if there were two things more emphatically repudiated by the Church of England than any other, it was the sacrifice of the mass and the practice of auricular confession." If we can find out when the Church of England repudiated these two things, we shall perhaps find out the long-wished-for date of the Reformation. It could not have been in the early days of the innocent and blessed prince, when mass was used as an innocent—perhaps blessed—synonym for communion. It could not have been in the first days of Elizabeth, when a mass was said at her coronation, and when another mass was said, by Her Majesty's express order, for the repose of the soul of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. On the whole, then, we might be inclined to think that the Reformation happened in the year 1559, when the word Mass finally disappeared from the English ritual. Still we somehow doubt about our owing our temporal liberties to anything which happened in 1559; we cannot help thinking they are a trifle older. And as for spiritual liberties, the chief thing in that line produced by the reign of Elizabeth was the Court of High Commission.

But can the date be 1559 after all? That date might have advantages. If the Reformation happened then, a great deal that is very disagreeable is wiped away from the score of the Reformation. The Reformation, the B. Reformation as we suppose we ought to call it, is thereby set free from all manner of divorcing and wife-beheading and abbot-hanging; it remains chargeable with nothing to speak of in the way of robbing or pulling down of churches; its chief sin would consist in the alienation of the lands of Bishops. And if the Bishop of Carlisle thinks this last "a blessed business," it is not for laymen to dispute against him. Still we have our doubts whether the B. Reformation can be definitely fixed to the year 1559. How about the auricular confession? We do not want to be theological, but we cannot shut our eyes to facts. There is auricular confession in the book, in the book authorized by Act of Parliament, and to every jot and tittle of which the Bishop of Carlisle has pledged himself. Of course there is no compulsory confession, no exaltation of confession to the rank of a sacrament, but confession is there, not enjoined on any one, but only recommended in certain special cases. Perhaps the Church of England ought to have repudiated confession altogether, but, as an historical fact, the Church of England did not repudiate confession altogether, but only repudiated certain manifest abuses in the practice of it. On the whole, then, we are thrown back into our old uncertainty. Or rather, we are driven to think that the B. Reformation has never happened at all, but that it was going to happen in 1868, if Lord Derby had not so cruelly moved the previous question. In short a great work has been maimed. We were, on the night of Thursday, July 9th, on the very point of gaining spiritual as well as temporal liberty. Temporal liberty was no doubt secured that very night when the Lords passed the remaining fragment of the great Reform of 1867-1868. For the greater Reformation, for spiritual liberty, for the full prohibition of everything offensive to Lord Shaftesbury and the Bishop of Carlisle, we must wait at least till another Parliament.

When will people learn that there is no law or canon obliging anybody to think or speak in a particular way of any long deceased historical character? So long as you obey the law, you are not forbidden to censure the makers of the law. Still less are you forbidden to censure the makers of laws which have been long ago repealed. What talkers like Lord Shaftesbury and the Bishop of Carlisle mean by the Reformation is really a mass of statutes, proclamations, acts of Convocation, personal acts of Kings, Bishops, and statesmen, spread over thirty or forty years, and which are entitled to no more respect than analogous proceedings in any earlier or later century. We maintain that, so long as we obey the law, we may pass what judgment we choose upon those who make the law. But those who made the law by which we are bound are not the Parliament and Convocation of the days of the innocent and blessed prince, but the Parliament and Convocation of the days of Charles the Second. We do not therefore hold that Charles the Second was an innocent and blessed prince, nor yet do we commit ourselves to any theory of his being a tiger-cub. But we would remind Lord Shaftesbury that the ecclesiastical legislation of Edward the Sixth—of H. Edward we ought to say—has utterly passed away, save one enactment only which the legislators of the days of Charles the Second deliberately renewed. The one bit of the ecclesiastical

doings of the innocent and blessed prince which still remains in force is certain legislation about the ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof, which Lord Shaftesbury sometimes seems more inclined to curse than to beatify.

#### CELIBACY & EMIGRATION.

FOR more than a fortnight past the old question, what can a man afford to marry on, has been debated by a host of writers in the columns of a daily newspaper. The obvious genuineness of most of the letters, and the fact that those who send them undoubtedly represent large classes of persons, give the correspondence a more serious interest than usually attaches to similar discussions at this season of the year. It cannot be said, however, that it has made the subject to which it relates any clearer. It would be difficult to imagine a more unhappy state of mind than that of a young man endeavouring, by the help of these productions, to decide whether the 150*l.* a year which has hitherto kept one uncomfortably may be made for the future to keep two comfortably. He will find statistics in abundance, but of what use is an array of figures proving that a family can be maintained with ease for 137*l.* a year, when side by side with it appears another array demonstrating that comfort must be a mere dream unless there is at least 320*l.*? And yet these little aided meditations of his are of some importance to others as well as to himself. More than his own happiness depends on the way in which he disposes of the problem. If he solves it in the happy-go-lucky style inculcated by some moralists, and practised by so many curates, he does what in him lies to make it more insoluble than ever. The evil of over-population is no longer confined to the classes who live by manual industry. The market for what must be called by courtesy intellectual labour is equally glutted; and though a clerkship of 100*l.* a year seems but a poor object of human ambition, it is an object which calls young men into the field in the proportion of six candidates to one vacancy. It is needless to demonstrate how inevitably improvident marriages made in this class tend to multiply the class itself. Ten or twenty years hence there will be two or three applicants, to say the least, where there is one now. What other kind of employment is open to a boy who has been brought up to think himself superior to the better paid artisan, and who has neither money nor connexions to help him forward in commerce or the professions? Among clerks, more almost than in any other employment, like breeds like.

We have supposed a young man and his wife to have married with the notion of keeping house in that ill-defined style which is popularly described as "living like gentlemen and ladies." Of course he has another choice open to him. A vague sense of having a position to keep up is one main source of the poverty to which so many of the class are condemned. One of the writers in this correspondence shrewdly observes that in the last generation a clerk did not think himself a gentleman, nor allow his wife to think herself a lady. The line which divides those who are served by others from those who serve themselves was then drawn considerably higher than it is now. A very keen sense of this change runs through this whole series of letters. The worship of position is as strong in most of the writers as in any younger son of good family. Considering how few intellectual or social advantages the lower middle-class has over the artisan, it is surprising that it should set so much store by the maintenance of the distinction. In the higher strata of society position has an appreciable value over and above the possession of money which to a certain extent is implied in it. It means leisure for intellectual pursuits and opportunities for intercourse with educated people. A man who declines to sacrifice all this by marrying is making a choice which you may or may not think wise, but which you cannot but admit to be intelligible. But the struggle to keep up appearances of which there are so many traces in this correspondence, has no reward of this kind to offer. Such leisure as may be gained by employing a maid of all work to do the work instead of having it done by the women of the family, such society as is implied in keeping up a form of morning calls and then refusing invitations because there is no money wherewith to return them—this is all a man gets for paying more rent and buying more furniture than his means warrant, and for having more mouths to feed than he can possibly fill with wholesome food. Why, then, supposing a young couple are willing to live in the same style as the artisan, and to treat their 150*l.* a year as though it were 2*l.* or 3*l.* a week, should they not be encouraged to do so? They will get more solid comfort for their outlay, and they will lose nothing that can give them any rational enjoyment. The answer is that though, as regards themselves, it would probably be the wisest thing they could do, it is a precedent which, if generally followed, could hardly fail to do extensive mischief. In spite of all that is said, and truly said, about the evils of that ambition which prompts every class in society to ape the habits of the class above it, the world is not yet in a position to make it safe to preach contentment without note or comment. If the middle-class were to adopt the habits of the working-class, there would be some danger that the process might be carried a step further, and that artisans who now find it a hard struggle to live up to the standard of comfort accepted by the best of their fellows, would take a leaf out of the clerk's book, and drop listlessly into

a lower stage still. There is little enough to be said on behalf of work for work's sake, and to live happily on moderate means is almost a lost art in England. But although the lives of too many in the commercial and professional classes are simply a long effort to increase means of enjoyment which need to be used rather than to be added to, the lesson is not yet applicable to the classes beneath them. The working-man is still uncertain of having his physical wants adequately supplied; the clerk is for the most part hardly conscious that he has any mental wants to be supplied. In the case of both, therefore, there is much to be done before the energy natural to the English character can be safely repressed; in other words, before men of either type can be advised to think of contracting their expenditure instead of increasing their income.

The writers of the letters which have suggested these remarks deserve considerable praise for the spirit in which they approach this latter alternative. Their political economy is quite unimpeachable. They have no ingenious schemes for raising wages. They are as well aware as Mr. Mill himself that, when the number of clerks exceeds the number of clerkships, the employer may offer pretty much what he chooses in the way of salary. For this state of things there is but one effectual remedy. There must be an emigration, either from the particular occupation affected by the oversupply of workers, or from the country altogether. In the present condition of England, an emigration of the former kind is useless. The glut of clerks is merely a repetition of what may be observed in every other trade or profession. The only available expedient therefore is that young men should go to America or Australia in sufficient numbers to enable those who remain to make fair terms with their masters. Throughout the correspondence this necessity is clearly recognised; but two difficulties are urged as reasons for not giving the recognition a practical shape. One of these may be called the sentimental objection. Those who raise it say, truly enough, that in new countries there is but little room for desk work, and that, if emigrants are to do well, they must become "tillers of the soil." There is evidently a lurking fear here that to fall in with this necessity would be to descend a step or two in life. The apprehension is not one which deserves a moment's sympathy. Let any one who thinks otherwise take a walk through one of the middle-class suburbs of London, and try to realize what life must be under the conditions incident to such a neighbourhood. This wilderness of small houses, without one single element either of grace or beauty or comfort belonging to them, is all inhabited by families of the class with which we are dealing. From these mean dwellings the men go forth in the morning to hurry by omnibus or boat to their work in the City. Hither they return at night, jaded by a long day's mechanical labour, to enjoy the pleasures of home. If they are married, these are all the pleasures they can afford; and after the noise of the children has been stilled, and the delinquencies of the maid of all work discussed, they perhaps improve their minds by a perusal of the paper which in the morning there has been only time to glance at. If they are unmarried, they probably spend the evening at some of the numerous music-halls which the wants of the public have called into existence in every quarter of London, and there, while shrieking the inane chorus of some popular song, nurse the fond belief that they are thereby identifying themselves with the "swells" whom they see depicted in brilliant colours and impossible garments by the genius of the great Vance. In both classes, of course, there are exceptions—married men, to whom the society of wife or children does really suffice for happiness, even amidst the most discouraging surroundings; unmarried men, whose scanty and infrequent leisure is all given up to self-education or sensible amusements. Still to the majority emigration, supposing it to be feasible, would be an incalculable gain—a gain as much in what it deprived them of as in what it conferred on them.

But is it feasible? It is the uncertainty which prevails upon this point that constitutes the second objection mentioned above. A very general impression exists that both in our own colonies and in the United States there is no further opening to very small capitalists. Day labourers can still find employment, and there are abundant opportunities for investing large sums to advantage. But the days, it is said, are already passed when an emigrant with 100*l.* could buy a farm which would not only keep him in comfort, but enable him to save money enough to buy more land by degrees, and to look forward to becoming a prosperous man with no other helps than good health and resolute industry. Naturally enough a young clerk is discouraged by these accounts. By great self-denial he might lay by a fourth or fifth of his income, and thus be provided at the end of five years with a small sum in hand. But to do this would be hard work even with the best of prospects; it is work so hard that no one will ever dream of undertaking it if there is no clear probability of its ever having any result. No greater service could be done to a large section of the community than the creation of a new agency, or the adaptation of an existing one, which should give authentic information upon this point. In what countries or portions of countries is there still room for young men with 100*l.* or 200*l.* in their pockets? Where can they with these sums buy land enough to keep them and their families in plenty now and in reasonable comfort by and by? To answer these questions we want a Middle Class Emigration Commission; and those who can answer them with authority, whether here or in the colonies,

could hardly do a greater service to their countrymen than by forming themselves into a voluntary organization for this special purpose.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

SOME two months ago we called the attention of our readers to a correspondence which had been laid before Parliament between Lord Mayo and two of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops, relative to the proposed Catholic University for Ireland. It was generally supposed at the time that the matter was at an end, and accordingly on May 29, in reply to a question from Sir John Gray, Lord Mayo stated in the House of Commons that the scheme had fallen through, owing to the rejection by the Bishops of the plan proposed by Government. Lord Malmesbury at the same time made a similar statement in the Upper House. What should be the precise apportionment of blame between the contracting parties for the failure of the negotiations was a point on which opinions were sure to differ, but to which no one probably attached any very high importance. It was, no doubt, the prevalent impression, among all but the most thoroughgoing Ministerialists, that the Government had made the question of a Catholic University, as, indeed, of Roman Catholic endowment altogether, a stalking-horse for party purposes, and had only fallen back on Mr. Disraeli's threadbare device of a No Popery policy when they found the "levelling up" system scouted alike by Ultramontanes and Liberals. When the indignant prelates say that they "will not insinuate" that such was the real object of the Government, there is nothing unreasonable in the suggestion, only it would have been better to make the charge directly, instead of going through the offensive affectation of professing to reject it. It is quite impossible to reconcile Lord Mayo's language about the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland at the opening of the present Session with the explanations of it which he has subsequently given, except on the assumption that the intentions of the Government had undergone a material change in the interim, and that they did not choose to admit it. So far the Bishops would have a fair ground of complaint, if they were not themselves largely responsible for the change by their persistent repudiation of any scheme for the endowment of their Church. Whether even then the following very Hibernian reprimand would have been the most dignified form of expressing their sentiments on the subject may be questioned. "We beg to assure you we mean more of respect than the contrary for your character when we add, that the position you have taken up is not only weak but unworthy of one such as you. Retire from it, my Lord, and leave it to some one who has no character to lose." But, in fact, the very pretty little quarrel which the prelates have picked with Lord Mayo does not at all concern the good faith of the Government in their general policy about the Irish Catholic Church. It is not this which has drawn upon him the scolding—it is the only appropriate term—of which a specimen has just been given, and which extends over a column and a half of the daily papers. They have raised a much narrower issue, as to which of the two contracting parties actually broke off the negotiations about the Roman Catholic University. They do not express any regret at their being broken off; they do not even say or imply that to have continued the discussion was likely to lead to any more satisfactory result. They simply insist with increasing vehemence, and in a tone of injured innocence, that they did not break it off themselves, and they have composed two of the most verbose epistles we ever recollect to have waded through in order to convict Lord Mayo—not to put too fine a point on it—of unblushing mendacity in saying that they did. The dispute is chiefly interesting from its collateral incidents, for the particular bone of contention is of very small consequence to any but the immediate disputants. However, it is the winding up of rather a curious episode in the Irish education controversy, and we will take up the thread of the narrative where we dropped it in our article of May last.

It will be remembered that the correspondence to which Lord Mayo referred in his speech of May 29 closed with a brief note of Archbishop Leahy's, dated May 16, merely acknowledging Lord Mayo's letter of May 11, in which he had, for various reasons, declined to accede to any of the modifications proposed by the Bishops in the original scheme of the Government. A fortnight after this, Lord Mayo, in his place in Parliament, declared the negotiations about a Roman Catholic University to be at an end, because the prelates had rejected the Government plan. A fortnight later, when everybody thought the public had heard the last of the matter, came the letter of June 16—signed by Archbishop Leahy and Bishop Derry, who were acting throughout as the representatives of their episcopal brethren—directly charging Lord Mayo with misstatement in asserting that they had closed the negotiations, and insinuating (by observing that they "will not insinuate") that the Government had all along been treating the proposed charter as a cat's-paw "to subserve political exigencies." They say there was nothing in their last memorial to the Government implying that it was intended to be final; that in fact it was not so intended; and that they were ready "to listen to reason, and, as far as possible, make concessions as well as demands." Whether they actually had it in contemplation to make any further proposals of their own, or whether they expected any fresh proposals to emanate from the Government, they do not say. So far, however, their case, at first sight, looks a plausible one, though we shall

see directly that it has its weak points. On June 30 Lord Mayo replied to this letter. He first briefly recapitulates the previous course of the negotiations, with which our readers are familiar. He then observes in effect that the alterations in the Government programme proposed by the Bishops in their letter of March 30, and stated by them to be "necessary," were such as vitally to change the character of the proposed University, and that he had therefore informed them in his letter of May 11 that their proposals could not be entertained. On receiving no reply to this communication beyond a formal acknowledgment, he had presumed the correspondence was at an end; the more so as the demands put forward, and which the Government felt themselves unable to comply with, "involved matters of the highest principle considered (by the Bishops) necessary for the safety of the faith, and the morals, of the youth of the country." The Government could not suppose that requirements repeatedly and clearly expressed, and sanctioned by such high authority, "were put forward merely to be withdrawn." The episcopal document of March 30 contained, as we had occasion to observe in noticing it before, some suggestions that were obviously reasonable, some that were fairly open to discussion, some which it was impossible that any Government should accede to. We need not discuss the wisdom or justice of the Ministry in rejecting all alike, because the whole controversy hinges on the rejection of those proposals which were clearly inadmissible, and which happen also to be exactly that part of their own programme which the Bishops maintained to be essential. To avoid any misapprehension on this point we will give the passage as it stands in their own statement:—

It is our duty to state, for the information of Her Majesty's Government, that the safety of faith and morals in the University can only be secured by recognising in the Bishops as members of the Senate the right, which as Bishops they possess, and which all Catholics must acknowledge them to possess, of pronouncing authoritatively on matters of faith and morals. *That right belongs to them, and to them alone, as compared with laymen, and even ecclesiastics of the second order.* According to the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church, it is not competent for laymen, not even for clergymen of the second order, however learned, to judge authoritatively of faith and morality. That is the exclusive province of Bishops. As faith and morality may be injuriously affected either by the heterodox teaching of professors, lecturers, or other officers, or by their bad moral example, or by the introduction of bad books into the University programme, *the very least power that could be claimed for the Bishops on the Senate, with a view to the counteraction of such evils, would be that of an absolute negative on such books, and on the first nomination of professors, &c. &c., as well as on their continuing to hold their offices after having been judged by the Bishops on the Senate to have grievously offended against faith or morals.*

And they proceed to apply the principle to the case in hand:—

It is, as already stated, an essential part of that doctrine and of that discipline that Bishops, and Bishops alone, should pronounce with authority upon matters involving faith or morality; and, therefore, however strange it may at first sight appear to recognise in the Episcopal members of the Senate a special power denied to their fellows on the Senate, it is not only reasonable but necessary once we assume that it is the purpose of Government, as we believe it is its purpose, to found a Catholic University on Catholic principles, or, at least, in conformity with them.

How far the alleged principle is really an integral part of "the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church," it does not concern us here to inquire. The prelates most likely ground their claim on the alleged exclusive right of the episcopate to take part in Ecumenical Councils—though even that has been disputed by canonists—which is a very different matter from giving them an exclusive control over the whole professoriate and teaching of a University, a power which they certainly neither claimed nor exercised in the leading medieval Universities, and which the educated Roman Catholic laity would be as little disposed as the Government to allow them in Ireland now. But this by the way. The claim was made, both verbally and in writing, and declared to be "essential" to the character of a Catholic University. We can hardly wonder therefore that, in repudiating it, the Government conceived themselves to be precluded, and assumed that the Bishops would also feel precluded, from taking any further steps in the matter. And this very natural anticipation was confirmed by Archbishop Leahy's note of May 16, containing merely a formal acknowledgment of the communication, but neither expressing nor implying any desire to continue the correspondence. It is true, no doubt, as the Bishops seem to intimate, that, if there was any reason for supposing them desirous to reopen the negotiations, a fortnight was rather a short interval to allow for the purpose. But, then, there was no reason at all for supposing it. On the contrary, there was every reason for assuming that they would decline to do so after conditions which they professed to consider essential had been absolutely rejected. When, accordingly, Lord Mayo was questioned in Parliament on the subject, it seems to us perfectly natural that he should have answered, as he did, that the negotiations were at an end, owing to the Roman Catholic prelates having rejected the proposals of the Government. He might, of course, have said it was owing to the Government having rejected the proposals of the Bishops; but the difference would be purely verbal, nor is the correctness of his statement at all affected by the further question which party was in the right on the matter at issue between them, or whether both were in the wrong.

Under these circumstances, we were rather curious to see what the Bishops would have to say for themselves in their rejoinder to Lord Mayo, which bears the date of July 11, and appeared in Wednesday's papers. In point of quantity they have a good deal to say, for they take up a full column of the newspapers in rating

his lordship soundly for his misdemeanours in a style which certainly suggests that, whatever the merits of the controversy, they would have been benefited by receiving a University education themselves. Nobody, for instance, could conceive Archbishop Manning, whatever may be his faults of policy, taste, or temper, penning such a composition as that subscribed by Archbishop Leahy. But then Dr. Manning was educated at Oxford, and Dr. Leahy, we do not know exactly where. When stripped of the thick varnish of personalities and of mere verbiage, his argument comes simply to this. Lord Mayo cannot be serious in professing to think the Bishops had broken off the negotiations, because he gives two reasons for thinking so which are bad taken separately, and mutually exclude each other. As to their mutually excluding each other, it is the merest quibbling. The rejection by the Government of all the changes proposed by the prelates, including some expressly declared to be essential, was a very sufficient reason for presuming that they would decline any further correspondence, unless some intimation was given to the contrary. When, instead of this, they contented themselves with a formal acknowledgment of the Government communication, that presumption was confirmed. It is quite true that "a silence of eleven days," or more, would not alone have been any reason for assuming that no further action would be taken by the Bishops—especially as Lord Mayo had himself taken six weeks to answer a previous communication; but the silence supervening on their bare acknowledgment of the receipt of a letter rejecting what they demanded as necessary for a Catholic University was a very good reason for assuming it. Nor do the Bishops even attempt any explanation of this point. What is still more noteworthy is that in neither of their letters do they either state or imply that they had, in fact, intended to reopen negotiations. Now they either did intend this, or they did not, or they had not made up their minds what to do. If they were really preparing to make some fresh proposals, they would have greatly strengthened their case by saying so; if they had decided not to do anything of the kind—and this we strongly suspect is the actual fact—their case breaks down altogether; if they were hesitating what course to adopt, it would be more straightforward to say so plainly, and it would have been more discreet to have given some intimation to the Government that they did not wish the discussion to be considered as finally closed. All they venture to affirm in their indictment against the Government is that their "statement of March 30th was not intended to be final." Of course it was not. The question is whether they considered the definitive rejection of every one of the proposals contained in it to involve a final abandonment of the scheme on their part. They are very indignant with Lord Mayo for assuming, in the absence of any sort of intimation to the contrary, that they meant to abide by what they had themselves laid down as the essential principles of Catholic doctrine and discipline. But they shrink even now from telling us that they were prepared to eat their own words, and sacrifice what they deemed to be "the very least that could be demanded" for the safety of the faith and morals of the Catholic youth of Ireland. They have only themselves to thank for the inference which will be inevitably drawn, that they have adroitly seized a chance opportunity for parading a hypothetical grievance. To an ordinary looker-on it appears very much as if they wished to cast on the Government the discredit of breaking off negotiations which could only have succeeded by the sacrifice of Ultramontane claims, without compromising themselves by the admission that those claims would in any case have been abandoned. Meanwhile it is not surprising that the characteristic folly of a scheme which alienated all parties, and conciliated none, should have recoiled on the heads of those who originated it.

DR. JOHN POYNET.

THE name of Poynt, Bishop successively of Rochester and Winchester in the reign of Edward VI., has been recently brought out into a prominence which it by no means deserves. It has been quoted in connexion with a treatise, entitled *Diallecion de veritate, &c. in Eucharistia*, in defence of certain theological teaching with which we are not in this place concerned. Suffice it to say that Poynt was not the author of the work, and that no one who was conversant with his genuine works would ever have thought of attributing it to him. The private character of this or that Reformer of the sixteenth century may be inquired into or discussed without its being thought that the interests of the Reformation are staked upon the investigation. But, for the purposes of history, it is perhaps as well that readers should not take all their facts from *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, or from other prejudiced writers of the Protestant school. At any rate we think it worth while to balance authorities where they are not contemporary, and, where there is a difference of opinion, to refer back to the earliest available sources.

In a former article we took occasion to trace to its source, as far as we were able, the epithet "Bloody" as applied to Bonner, Bishop of London; and we showed the untrustworthy nature of the evidence on which the charge of savage cruelty has been made against him. We now propose to show that, owing to similar inaccuracies and prejudices of Protestant historians, Dr. John Poynt has been shielded from the infamy which ought to attach to his name. He first attracts our

notice as chaplain to Archbishop Cranmer, who appears to have made considerable use of him. It was probably in one of the earlier years of Edward's reign that Roger Ascham applied to him to use his influence with the Archbishop to procure for him a license to eat flesh during Lent. The epithets *doctissime* and *ornatissime* which Ascham applies to him are not mere compliments. He was generally recognised as being what he is called by Godwin, *vir egregie doctus*. He possessed what in those days was a rare accomplishment, a knowledge of Greek, and is said to have been skilled in modern language. He also possessed mechanical skill enough to construct a clock which, in addition to the hours and minutes, pointed out the days of the month and the age of the moon. He was altogether a man of the new learning, as it was then called, and threw himself heartily into all the changes of religion projected by Somerset and the Council in the first year of Edward VI. He in all probability had a considerable hand in framing the new Ordinal of 1549, under which he himself was the first consecrated Bishop. The service was in English, and differed little from that now in use, excepting that the Bishop elect—or designate, as he ought to have been called, for the form of election was not gone through—was presented in surplice and cope, and had the pastoral staff placed in his hands by the Archbishop after his consecration. That he was the chief, if not the sole, author of *Cranmer's Catechism* seems clear from a letter addressed by his friend Sir John Cheke to Bullinger. No one had better opportunities of knowing than Cheke, and he, in his letter dated June 7, 1553, speaking of the King, says:—"Nuper etiam J. Wintoniensis episcopi catechismum auctoritate sua scholis commendavit." This ought to be considered conclusive as to this point. However, it is sufficient for our present purpose to show that Poynt was really looked up to as a prominent man amongst the favourers of the new learning. He had already earned his promotion by his publication, in 1549, of his *Defence for Marriage of Priests*, and he seems to have acted on the principle that example is better than precept. He married at least twice, and if a passage in Sanders is to be taken in its strict letter, he must have had three wives.

Of his other publications, the most remarkable is entitled *A Short Treatise of Politic Power*, which few people have read, and of which, therefore, most have imagined that there was not much more to be said than has been summed up by Hallam when he speaks of it as "closely and vigorously written, deserving in many parts a high place among the English prose of that age, though not entirely free from the usual fault—vulgar and ribaldrous invective." But even Hallam, in commenting upon a passage which he quotes from this treatise, to the effect that the High Constable has power even to commit the King to ward, remarks in a note, "It is scarcely necessary to observe that this is an impudent falsehood." Still, after making due allowance for the difference of style of writing which prevailed in the sixteenth century from the courtesies and amenities which distinguish the nineteenth, and without going out of our way to pick up stories out of historians seldom read in the present day, Dr. John Poynt passed muster as a very respectable, though perhaps somewhat advanced, Protestant bishop of King Edward VI.'s making. But now *audi alteram partem*. It is not for us to defend the bitterness of the controversial spirit in which Roman and Protestant writers have respectively reviled the leaders of the party opposed to their own views, and misrepresented the facts of history; but this at least we may say in behalf of controversy, that it brings out all that can be alleged against both sides, and enables us at this distance of time to pronounce a safer verdict than would otherwise be possible both as to the facts of history and the characters of those who figure in its pages. It is not, however, to the controversial spirit alone that we owe our knowledge of the other side of Poynt's character. We have only to look into his works to find passages so full of what in modern language would be called "Billingsgate," and expressions so hideously disgusting that we begin to have serious misgivings as to the religious character of this hero of Protestantism. It would be simply impossible to reproduce the filth that came from Poynt's pen—we must ask our readers to take it for granted; but as a specimen of his ordinary style of abuse we may quote his character of Gardiner, whom he speaks of as "the great devil and cutthroate of England, the papistes God," and whom he further describes as having "a swart colour, an hanging loke, frowning browes, eies an ynche within the head, a nose hooked like a bussarde, wyde nostrilles like a horse, ever snuffing in to the wynde, a sparowe mouthe, great pawes like the deuill, talante on his fete like a grype, two ynches longer than the natural toes, and so tyed to with sinowes that he could not abyde to be touched, nor scarce suffre them to touche the stones." After making due allowance for some of this ribaldry and invective, which was no doubt sharpened a little by the loss of his place at Winchester, into which he had been intruded by Edward's Council, and to which Gardiner had been restored at the accession of Mary, we may just notice in passing that he calls Bonner, Bishop of London, a bloody, lying, archbutcher bastard; Poynt in all probability knowing full well that Bonner was born in lawful matrimony, and therefore himself being the liar instead of Bonner. As a specimen of this writer's wit, which he did not scruple to indulge at the expense of truth, we may select the substitution of the words "Carnal Phooole" for the name of Cardinal Pole. If the rest of the treatise comes up to Hallam's description of close and vigorous writing, we think the historian of the Literature of

Europe might have used stronger language of such passages as these than when he speaks of them as not altogether free from "vulgar and ribaldrous invective."

We shall make no further use of Poynt's writings as evidence to his character. We turn now to facts, as recorded by historians. Stowe tells us he was concerned in Wyatt's rebellion in the first year of Mary's reign. On the day on which his chief was taken, Poynt made off when he saw the cause was hopeless, telling his friends that "he would pray unto God for their good success, and so did depart, and went into Germany, where he died." Strype and Burnet do not like the imputation, though they might have justified the chaplain's treason by urging the example of his friend and patron Cranmer, who was guilty of precisely the same conduct when he placed his hand to the instrument for the accession of Lady Jane Grey, and headed the address to Mary which stigmatized her as a bastard. Strype endeavours to discredit the narrative by alleging that Bale does not mention it. Burnet disbelieves the story because Poynt was not attained in the following Parliament by Gardiner. We will not insist any longer upon Poynt's being a traitor and a rebel. It is certain that his prudence gained for him a narrow escape from the gallows; but perhaps his Protestant principles may be stretched a little to bear him out in his behaviour at so extraordinary a crisis as was produced by the death of Edward VI.

The next charge against Poynt rested for two centuries and a half on the unsupported testimony of Nicolas Sanders, a zealous Roman convert, who has generally been thought likely to stick at nothing so long as he could disparage Elizabeth and the English Reformation. Sanders says that Poynt, bishop as he was, was not content with a single wife, but carried off the wife of a butcher, who by the laws of the land was restored to her lawful husband. He adds a *bon mot* of Gardiner's on the occasion, that as the butcher had got back his wife, perhaps some day he also should have his bishopric, into which Poynt had been intruded, restored to him. The charge was thought to have been triumphantly refuted by Burnet in his History. Burnet's argument was to the effect that it could not be true because we should then have heard more of it, and especially because Martin, who answered Poynt's book in defence of the marriage of the clergy, makes no mention of it. This perhaps proves that Martin did not know the story, but as for the truth of the story itself it is very unlucky for Poynt's character that so many people in the nineteenth century take an interest in raking up forgotten documents of the past. In this instance we are indebted to the Camden Society for publishing two absolutely contemporary documents, both being in the form of diaries or chronicles—one of them written from day to day apparently; the other composed at a very short interval after the occurrences which it details. We need hardly say that the "Chronicle of the Grey Friars," and the "Diary of John Machyn," a London citizen who plied the trade of an undertaker, are entirely independent witnesses. As such, we proceed to quote the exact words of each. Under the year 1551 we have the following entry in Machyn's Diary (p. 8):—"The 27 day of July was the new bishope of W. . . was devorsyd from the bucher wyff with shame enogh." Now here is a brief account which by itself would have been almost unintelligible, but, taken as corroborative of Sanders's story, it becomes of some importance. It at least proves the outline of Sanders's narrative to be true, and raises a presumption in favour of the details. And now let us turn to the Grey Friars' Chronicle. The record of Poynt's divorce is entered as follows:—"And the 27 day of the same month the byshoppe of Wyntchester that was than was devorsyd from his wyffe in Powles the whyche was a bucheres wyff of Nottyngham, and gave hure husbunde a rartyne mony a yere dureynge hys lyffe as it was jugydde by the lawe." Now this entry completes the evidence, and exactly confirms Sanders's statement in every particular except the single fact of Poynt's having another wife at the time. It is probable that this was not the case, because three months afterwards he was married again at Croydon to a woman named Maria Heymond.

We may take it then as proved that Poynt was condemned at St. Paul's to pay a fine in annual instalments to the butcher for the injury he had done him in running away with his wife. That Poynt had a considerable hand in drawing up the original of the present Thirty-nine Articles of Religion is almost certain. Whether one of his special contributions to the Forty-two Articles was the declaration that bishops, priests, and deacons are not commanded by God's law to vow the estate of single life, we cannot take upon ourselves to say; certain it is that, if his doctrine is to be interpreted by his practice, it ought to have contained a proviso for the immunity of bishops who should be convicted of committing adultery with other men's wives. We have no more to say of Dr. John Poynt, Bishop of Winchester. But we have had occasion before now to comment on the careless way in which Cranmer and other bishops kept their registers in the time of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Poynt's trial, as it took place at St. Paul's, ought naturally to have been recorded in the register of Nicholas Ridley, at that time Bishop of London. We have in vain searched through that register. No such record is to be found. Is this a piece of carelessness, or did the Protestant Bishop of London designedly omit the entry from an amiable desire to protect the fair fame of his brother of Winchester?

#### CONSULAR JURISDICTION IN EGYPT.

NO one can wonder that Mr. Layard, as a well-wisher of the Ottoman Government, should have taken occasion to denounce the manifold abuses of the exclusive jurisdiction claimed and exercised by the representatives of the European Powers over their respective subjects and *protégés*. These now form so considerable a portion of the population of the Levantine ports, and are of so various a character, that their exemption from the authority of the territorial sovereign has become a question of serious importance as regards the moral prestige and practical power of the local rulers. Impossible as it would be to subject Europeans, or indeed any one entitled to claim the protection of a civilized State, to the corrupt and tyrannical tribunals of the Turkish Empire, it is equally impossible to deny that their immunity has given rise to grave inconvenience, and that it has in many cases been abused to an extent which has afforded the territorial Government good ground of complaint. No one who has read Mr. Senior's Turkish journals, or who attended to Mr. Layard's speech, will be disposed to doubt this, or will be surprised that the Egyptian Government—more intelligent than that of the Sultan, and better able to appreciate the value of the commercial intercourse it enjoys with the West, and the services rendered to the country by the European colony in the development of its resources—should be keenly alive to the difficulties placed in its way by the extensive and increasing power of the Consuls, and its own absolute want of authority over their *protégés*. It is anxious, therefore, to devise, if possible, some modification of the existing system which may at once satisfy the just demands and even the jealous suspicions of the Christian Powers, restore its own legitimate authority within its dominions, and ensure that equal justice between native and foreigner which is not to be obtained so long as no common tribunal has jurisdiction over both—so long as every suit in which a foreigner is interested is taken in charge by a judge whose position and function naturally, if unjustly, expose him to the suspicion of partiality, and whose jurisdiction is hampered by the reluctance of his own country to entrust him with full powers over the life and liberty of its subjects. For the foreigner in Egypt is not only practically free from all authority but that of his Consul; his Consul's authority is also limited; and an Egyptian complainant may be obliged not only to plead before a judge whom he believes to be biased in favour of his opponent, but may find that even that judge cannot do him right, and that he must either submit to wrong, or carry his plaint and his evidence to Malta or to Aix. It is needless to say which course an Oriental prefers. No one can wonder that the able man who is now the Viceroy's Minister for Foreign Affairs should be anxious to terminate this state of things.

The history of the "capitulations" under which the Consular jurisdiction was established is a curious one. They did not originate, as might be supposed, in the weakness of Turkey, and her inability to refuse any terms which Christendom, in well-founded distrust of Turkish justice, might exact. They originated in her hour of strength, and rather in her contempt than in her fear. The first was granted to France, when Francis I., in his jealousy and dread of his Imperial rival, scandalized Europe by entering into an alliance with the Turks—then in the zenith of their glory as conquerors of the East—against the House of Austria. It was the practice of Mahometan conquerors—a practice founded on the inseparable connexion in their system between law and religion—to leave the infidel races whom they subdued and rendered tributary in possession of their own code and magistrates, with authority of course limited to disputes among themselves. It was natural and easy to concede the same privilege to the merchants of an ally. But the jurisdiction of the French Ambassador or Consul was strictly limited to Frenchmen, and to disputes in which only Frenchmen were concerned. When a Turkish subject was a party to the suit, whether criminal or civil, the Frenchman was cited before a Turkish Court, in which, however, the dragoman or other representative of the Consulate had a right to be present. Until within a comparatively recent period, the capitulations—the other Powers being one by one admitted to equal privileges—worked well, with little temptation to encroachment on the part of the Consuls, and little complaint on that of the Turks. The European settlers were few and generally respectable; and the jealousy of the Government so restricted their privileges as to prevent their coming often into collision with Turkish laws. But during the present century a great change has taken place. Steam and commerce have filled the Levant with European merchants and visitors, of more or less reputable character; there are said to be 50,000 foreigners in Constantinople, and 200,000 in Egypt, and the dependence of Turkey on the greater Powers, and their frequent interference in her affairs, have rendered the Porte nervously afraid of offending them, and compelled it to concede almost anything that a Consul or Ambassador has chosen to exact. As Mr. Senior was more than once told, "anything that a Consul proposes is legal," and "there is nothing that a Turkish official so much dreads as collision with an European *protégé*." Consequently, the consular jurisdiction has been extended, gradually but surely, at the expense of that of the local Government; while, though in our own case, at least, considerable judicial powers are conferred on the Consular Courts, they are hardly adequate to the duty of keeping order and

enforcing justice among the large population which owns no other authority. Another cause has totally changed the practical operation of the capitulations. They were intended for the protection of French and English merchants—a class numerically small, and mostly consisting of persons not likely to become amenable to criminal law. The acquisition of Malta by England, the Protectorate of the Ionian Republic, and later, the conquest of Algeria by the French, have brought under their operation a multitude of Ionians, Maltese, Arabs, Kabyles, &c., besides Greeks and others in some way connected with Consulates and Embassies, amounting to many thousands in number, and often of the lowest character. The removal of these men—many of them the offscourings of their own countries—from the authority of the local Courts and police could not but lead to mischief; rendering them almost utterly reckless in their conduct, and enabling them to cheat, insult, rob, and even murder with impunity, relying on the support of their Consul if they could make out the shadow of a case, on his reluctance to punish them if they could not, and on the certainty of an acquittal if he was obliged to send them home for trial.

The mischiefs of this system have been even more felt in Egypt than in Constantinople, for several reasons. The foreign element is more important at Alexandria than almost anywhere else in the East. The Egyptian Government has been more liberal than that of its sovereign in its treatment of foreigners, who have been allowed freely to acquire landed property in Egypt, while the clause inserted for that purpose in the famous Hatt-i-Humayoun, extorted from Abdul-Medjid after the Crimean war, was practically rendered almost nugatory by its wording, which enabled the Porte to make the surrender of the capitulations, as Mr. Senior's informants put it—or, at least, the abandonment of their privileges by the acquirers of land—a condition of its fulfilment. Impossible as such a concession was, we can hardly wonder that the Porte should not choose to allow the soil to become the property of men exempt from its laws, or that the Viceroy's Minister should find in the possession of land by foreigners an additional reason for desiring to modify the extraordinary privileges they now enjoy. Lastly, those privileges have in Egypt been extended far beyond anything that appears upon the face of the capitulations, with one or two dubious exceptions in certain ambiguous clauses of the Swedish and American treaties, and far beyond the original practice. The Minister, in a Report to the Viceroy upon this subject, enters at length into a discussion of these clauses; but it is sufficient to say that, whatever meaning they may be capable of bearing, the powers at present exercised by the Consuls generally are not based upon them, but have been assumed or conceded by degrees, under a pressure which the local Government has been unable to resist. At present almost any suit, civil or criminal, in which an European subject or *protégé* is concerned comes or is brought under the cognizance of his Consul. If he has a quarrel with his landlord or with a neighbour, if he is sued or sues for a debt, if he disputes a bargain, if he has committed or complains of an assault, the result is pretty sure to be, under one form or another, that the Consul assumes exclusive jurisdiction in the case; and the native litigant, whether plaintiff or defendant, is brought before a Court in which he has no confidence, and which, whatever its desire to do justice, is inevitably disposed to attach more weight to his opponent's word than to his. This would be a hardship to the native even if it were certain that the Consular jurisdiction was always exercised with the wisdom, knowledge, and impartiality of our own superior Courts. The Egyptian suitor has a right, in his own land, to a tribunal in whose impartiality not only we, but he, may fairly be asked to believe. Where jurisdiction fails, diplomacy is brought to bear, and the Government is forced to become the agent or victim of foreign exactions. Not only on account of its subjects, but on its own, the Government of the Viceroy conceives itself to have ground of complaint. It has been compelled, within a few years, to pay three or four millions sterling in indemnities to European *protégés*—among others, to Companies which have undertaken to execute works which, the Minister declares, have not been always even commenced; and it is hinted that these indemnities have sometimes been unjust, and sometimes exorbitant. And while the Government has had to pay what it did not consider fairly due to others, it has been unable to obtain what was fairly due to itself. The taxation of Egypt is no doubt oppressive, and probably often unjust. Even here, however, some part at least of the blame is due to the exactions of Europeans, and particularly to those connected with the Suez Canal, which, in one way or another, has cost the Viceroy no less than eight millions sterling. But, whatever the faults of the Government, if aliens are allowed to acquire property in a country, they take it subject to all fiscal burdens borne by natives; and the Viceroy has just cause to complain if it be true that European proprietors often refuse to pay their taxes, and that, on appeal to their Consuls, the Government generally finds it impossible to enforce payment. This is the more credible that Mr. Calvert, the late Consul at the Dardanelles, told Mr. Senior that the Europeans in that province had, before his arrival, made a practice of refusing to pay taxes on such property as they held in evasion of the then law, and that only his example and authority induced them to do so. According to Mr. Layard, most Turkish dues and taxes are resisted or refused by foreigners, too often with the connivance of their Consuls. Finally, the Egyptian Govern-

ment alleges that, as regards foreigners, its police is simply powerless. In the event of crime, or riot, or even open rebellion, perpetrated on its territory by the subjects of a Christian Power, its officers must remain inactive. They have a nominal right to arrest in *flagrante delicto*, and that is all; in any other case they must leave it to the Consular authorities to seize, try, and punish the offenders in their own way, and at their own pleasure.

Nor are the Egyptians the only sufferers. Mixed Commissions do exist, at Alexandria and Cairo, for the trial of commercial questions between natives and foreigners, or between the *protégés* of different Consuls. But their authority has been reduced to a nullity; it being the practice in all such cases for the Consul of the defendant to assume jurisdiction. There are in Egypt some sixteen Consulates, and thus there are sixteen separate jurisdictions, any member of which may have to deal with different aspects of the same case. Thus it is affirmed, incredible as it may seem, that the holder of a protested bill of exchange may have to sue in as many different Courts as there are parties to the bill.

No Government with any sense of self-respect could allow this state of things to continue. A strong Power would insist on its right at least to revert to the capitulations, and to withdraw every privilege usurped by or conceded to the Consuls in excess of or in contravention of those treaties; but then no strong Power would have permitted these encroachments. The Government of the Viceroy is at the mercy of the European Powers. It can do only what they will permit, and its only chance of persuading them to abandon the exclusive jurisdiction which they at present possess wherever their subjects are interested is to offer them such a substitute as may allay, not only all reasonable fears, but all exaggerated susceptibilities. It must find means of assuring them that the fullest justice will be dealt to their subjects by Courts not only incorrupt and impartial, but independent—Courts at once as well constituted as their own, and as independent of Government influence or dictation. Of this the Egyptian Minister appears to be aware, and the plan which he has sketched in a Report to the Viceroy professes to give to the European Powers every guarantee which they can reasonably claim. He would, in his own phrase, "return to the capitulations," which, it must be remembered, give jurisdiction in every mixed case to the local tribunals, so that a crime committed by a European against a native or subject of another Power, or a suit between a European and a native, should be tried by an Egyptian Court. Under the capitulations, the Dragoman would have a right to be present. But this rule has been the source of great abuses, the Dragomans in Egypt being of a lower class than those of Constantinople, and grievous complaints being made of the delays and evasions of justice occasioned by their conduct. The Minister proposes to obviate the necessity of their attendance by altering entirely the character of the Courts, which, though acting under the authority of the Viceroy, should be composed partly of Egyptians sitting for life or for a fixed period, and partly of European lawyers nominated by the Viceroy, as we understand, on the recommendation of their own Government or judicial authorities. There would be Courts of first instance in both civil and criminal cases, into which it would be possible to introduce a jury, and a Court of appeal; and in all the Minister is willing to allow the European element to preponderate. The Egyptian members of the Courts, being chosen from among young men educated in Europe and familiar with European law, and feeling themselves supported by European colleagues, might, it is argued, be trusted to assert their own judicial dignity and independence. The law administered in these Courts would be the Code Napoléon, adapted by a mixed Commission to the circumstances of Egypt. Europeans, therefore, would have the advantage of being tried by a European law and by European judges; while all parties would ultimately be gainers by the introduction of a simple, uniform, and impartial administration of justice. The present system affords such temptation to Europeans to abuse their opportunities for purposes of extortion and oppression as it is never safe to offer to men of a stronger in contact with a weaker race. Even our equal laws and impartial Courts do not prevent Englishmen from bullying Hindoos; and it may be feared that Egyptians are too often wronged and bullied when no equal law protects them, and when the only Court open to them is that of a French, Russian, Spanish, or even an English Consul. It must be the wish of all just and thoughtful men to redress the evil, if it can be done without incurring worse or equal mischief in another direction. All that is at present asked of England is her consent to negotiation—her participation in a full discussion of the Egyptian proposals, with a view to a satisfactory substitute for a system which no one can call satisfactory; and to this Lord Stanley, who is strongly sensible of the gross abuses for which the existing system renders us responsible, has agreed. It is to be hoped that all parties to the negotiation will show as just, candid, and moderate a spirit as we are sure will actuate the representative of our own country; and that some means may be found of establishing an effective and trustworthy jurisdiction over all questions and persons in the great and rising commercial communities of Cairo and Alexandria, to which even causes in which the Egyptian Government itself is concerned—a class of causes in which there is especial need of some impartial arbitration—may be safely referred.

## VOLUNTEER REVIEWS.

VERY much has been said, in both Houses of Parliament and elsewhere, on the confusion in which the return of the Volunteers from the Windsor Review unfortunately ended. Every one, of course, has expressed himself according to his natural bias. As a rule, the most savage critics have been found among the Volunteers, and the most lenient among the highest military authorities. The Duke of Cambridge in a very kindly spirit pointed out that great excuses might be made for the Volunteers, many of whom, as is now well known, had been without food or drink for a long summer's day, and then found that they must "continue the movement," and, thanks to the arrangements of the Railway companies and the War Office, remain without refreshment for the best part of a summer night. But, while making every possible excuse for what was, after all, wholly inexcusable conduct, the Duke of Cambridge did not hesitate to condemn as it deserved the conduct of the men who broke their ranks without permission, and, above all, of the officers who left their corps just when the control of officers was most required. The same manly and considerate tone pervaded the remarks of all but a very few, and those not the most considerable, of the officers of the army who spoke on the subject; and if anything which has been said by them is open to criticism at all, it is only on the score of over-much tenderness to Volunteer shortcomings. Not so the leading Volunteers themselves. In common with almost the whole body whom they represent, they have felt the injustice of casting upon an entire army the discredit of irregularities committed by some members of a few corps; and they have cried out that the offenders ought to be gibbeted, and the rest absolved. It is certainly hard for the many corps that waited patiently in military formation till they were ordered to cross the bridge to the station, to find, as the reward of their steadiness, that they are mixed up with the sins of comrades whom they would gladly have thrown into the river if so summary a mode of quelling the disorder had been allowed by the officers in command. Probably, if the whole force had been polled, an overwhelming majority would have voted for the "firm, and even sharp," measures of repression and punishment at which Lord Spencer pointed in his speech in the House of Lords. Lord Longford went so far with what we may call the Volunteer view as to suggest that perhaps the most beneficial course would be to proclaim that Privates A. B. and C. (and he might have added Captains Y. and Z.) had left their corps, and for that breach of discipline were summarily discharged. Only what Lord Longford hinted, and did not mean to do, most of the indignant Volunteers really wished to see done. And we confess we have some sympathy with them. It has been said that the men were starving, and panting for want of water, but that was no excuse for conduct which brought undeserved discredit on the whole force. It was suggested, with much truth, that the railway arrangements were ingeniously absurd. No doubt they were, but a Volunteer who cannot be patient when he suffers from blundering somewhere is not fit to carry a rifle. All attempts to extenuate the offence really committed utterly fail, though they serve to show the mismanagement which occasioned, without justifying, what occurred at Datchet. Three regiments, it seems, have been convicted of contributing to form the disorderly mob, and their want of discipline is said to have been due to the absence of their officers. Probably the recurrence of such a scene may be prevented by private admonition, but it is scarcely fair to the great mass of Volunteers that the whole body should be involved in a common condemnation for the sake of screening three peccant corps. The case becomes still harder for disciplined Volunteers when a few, happily very few, ungenerous critics greedily seize upon the occurrence to express their known ill-will to the Volunteer force.

Still, while allowing all due weight to these considerations, we are not sure that the end in view, the preservation of stricter discipline in future, may not be better attained by the course which has been pursued than by a more exact apportionment of blame to the actual offenders. What has occurred has made every section and every individual of the Volunteer army in a sense responsible for the misconduct of a few, and the pressure and influence which will be brought to bear to prevent any recurrence of such a calamity may be even more effectual than the most condign punishment inflicted on the principal culprits. We have given up the cruel device in civil legislation, but in old times it was well understood that no means were so efficacious for the prevention of crime as the punishment of the innocent and the guilty without discrimination. Every man who is liable to suffer for his neighbour's wrongdoing becomes in self-defence an amateur policeman; and every Volunteer who feels himself disgraced by the irregularities of a few undisciplined battalions will use all his influence to discourage the slight neglects out of which great breaches of discipline arise. We are strongly convinced that we shall hear no more in future of officers leaving their regiments and their companies, or of privates straggling from their ranks when Volunteers are gathered together.

It would be pleasant to believe that the other offenders who contributed to the mischief could be as easily reformed. It seems to be admitted that brigadiers had orders to stick to their brigades until every corps was placed in its appropriate train, and yet in some instances the battalions composing a brigade were detailed for three different railway stations some

miles apart. Nothing can excuse disobedience to orders, but impossible directions certainly render obedience difficult. Then, again, it was ordered that the trains were not to be filled by the battalions as they arrived, but that each corps was to be carried by the particular train set down for it in the programme. The result would naturally be that an empty train would be standing alongside of an impatient regiment blocking the line and waiting for a particular battalion a mile or two off, which might be struggling in vain to get to its proper place through narrow lanes blocked by the other troops. Well might the Duke of Cambridge say, that of all the extraordinary arrangements ever heard of that was the strangest. It is difficult to blame any one else without being thought to excuse conduct on the part of some of the Volunteers which no stupidity displayed by the Railway Companies or the War Office would even extenuate. But we have said enough, we think, to exonerate us from any suspicion of underrating the gravity of the offence committed, and to leave us free to speak with equal frankness of the intelligence displayed in the arrangements. Just as an army sometimes fights the more desperately to retrieve a defeat, the Volunteers will perhaps all improve in discipline, to wipe off the discredit that has been cast upon them. But can any one say that the authorities of the Government and the Railway Companies will learn intelligence from a catastrophe which a grain of common sense would have averted altogether? Unless as a special piece of training in discipline, it is not desirable that men should be kept all day and night under arms, for no earthly purpose except to look at a stationary train which is not allowed to take them to their destination. It will not be very long before the same Railway Company which owns the Datchet Station will have another opportunity of keeping a large body of Volunteers out of their beds. In the route to the Wimbledon Review we believe that each corps is to make its own private arrangements with the Company, and probably even the South-Western Directors may fail by their unassisted strength to reproduce the confusion engendered at Datchet by the joint regulations of their Board and the War Office, backed by the ill-discipline of some of the Volunteers. In any case, however, many thousands of Volunteers will probably spend some weary hours on the road opposite Putney and Wimbledon Stations, and we have no doubt that the trial will be borne with the steadiness absolutely essential to all troops whose necessities require them to move along the line of the South-Western Railway Company. But it would be a great boon if this Railway Company would do what Railway Companies have often shown themselves capable of doing, and what even the South-Western Directors themselves, managed, after adequate pressure, to do at Portsmouth—namely, make an adequate provision for performing the engagements they have entered into. If a greedy anxiety to swell the receipts from the general public by giving them precedence over the Volunteers does not mar the arrangements, there is no reason why the South-Western Company should not retrieve at Wimbledon the disgrace which its mismanagement at Datchet has brought upon it.

## THE LAST PHASE OF THE TURNPIKES.

THE Turnpike campaign of the Session which is fast drawing to its end has shown some new features as compared with the like campaigns of former years. Nothing particularly new was brought forward in the debate which ended in the withdrawal of Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's Bill. Its mover again disposed of some of the fallacies which are trotted out over and over again on behalf of the present system. "Those who use the roads should pay for them" is the invariable cry. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen showed, for the ten thousandth time, that this rule is less attended to under the present system than it would be under the proposed one. This is plain work enough; but when we get into details, we have the ever-recurring questions about debts and area, about which so many people who agree in the main principle have such different notions. The particular Bill is withdrawn, and perhaps it is just as well that it should have been. But the question has decidedly gained by the discussion. The debate made it more clear than ever that the general opinion of the House is against the present system, and the few words which passed a week or so back on the usual Turnpike Acts Continuance Bill all looked the same way. As Mr. Knight put it, some solution must be found other than throwing the whole repairs of roads upon parishes. Those who are labouring to get rid of turnpikes are in no way committed to the parish as the area. The question of area is an open one both as to roads and as to everything else, and some may perhaps be inclined to think that the parish is not a good area for anything. It may be thought that we ought to get beyond what the Germans call *Kirchthurnspolitik* in all matters. But everybody, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Hardy, every one talks about a solution, or at least an inquiry; no one seems inclined to stand up for the system as it stands. The lovers of turnpikes, it is plain, must look out for a day when they will be able to hug their ugly idol no longer.

But the debate on the Knatchbull-Hugessen Bill has to some extent, and the petitions presented during the Session have to a much greater extent, revealed the new form which the question is taking. Opposition is stronger than ever, but the enemy seems more disposed than before to accept a compromise on certain terms. The Turnpike question is getting mixed up—studiously mixed up—with a new and much wider question, and the battle will most likely have to be fought in the next

Parliament on quite fresh ground. But meanwhile the old style of opposition has been going on alongside of the new. All through the Session unwise Highway Boards and canny Boards of Turnpike Trustees have been setting their seals to petitions for the retention of the greatest of local nuisances. The mind of the farmer, entrenched within its triple mail of stupidity and prejudice, has been as impenetrable to reason this year as it was last. A Waywarden comes one degree nearer to a thinking being than a Guardian of the Poor; but even a Waywarden cannot see a yard before his nose when there is a fear of an increase of the rates. The arguments which convince any reasonable man of the injustice and inconsistency of the present system are lost upon the farmer. He does not see that his one knock-me-down argument, "Those who use the roads ought to pay for them," proves a great deal too much. He does not see—and if he had heard Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, he would not see any more—that, on this principle, all roads ought to be made turnpike, inasmuch as all the world may now travel on parish roads without paying anything. He does not see that in many cases people now pay more towards the roads which they do not use than towards those which they do. And even a farmer, one would think, might understand that it is not fair that a man should pay five or six gates within fourteen miles one way, while he can go five-and-twenty miles another way with one gate or none. But it is vain to talk in this way to a man whose one notion is that, if turnpikes are abolished, rates must be increased, and whose one principle is that the greatest public improvement would be dearly purchased by a rate of a penny in the pound more than usual. But there is a worse enemy even than the farmer. Here and there you come across a man of the same social rank as the farmer, but with a little more cleverness and a little more education. He is in fact half clever and half educated; he has just wit enough and knowledge enough to make him mischievous. He is just raised enough above the level of his brethren to be an oracle in their eyes; he is not raised enough above them for them to distrust him as they do the really thoughtful and well-informed man. Such a man is invaluable to an assembly of farmers. What exists in their minds in the form of simple stupid prejudice he decks out in the more taking shape of a fallacy, and he bamboozles them right and left, to his own great satisfaction and theirs. Such a man may perhaps derive importance from the position—promotion of course in his eyes—of a turnpike trustee; he may perhaps even derive an income from some utterly useless office which Turnpike reform would of course abolish. Such a man can talk glibly about the agricultural interest, and about the iniquity of commercial travellers going free on a road kept up by a local rate. That the commercial traveller can now go free on every parish road in the kingdom, and that therefore the turnpike system is utterly inadequate to compass the end for which he holds it to be instituted, is of course conveniently kept in the background.

Against all this mass of simple stupidity, of selfishness, and of half argument, the friends of improvement have to fight. They simply wish to get rid of a system the principle of which, when it was first established, was a very sound one, but the special cause of which has ceased to exist, and which is now carried out with the greatest amount of unfairness in detail. They must win sooner or later, but the struggle will still be a hard one. Improvement is opposed by people who have something more plausible to say for themselves than the wisacres of the Highway Boards. For instance, in the blue-book published last year, there was some evidence from Worcestershire, which may be looked on as proving very different things according to the prepossessions of the reader. In Worcestershire the Highway Boards seem to have become so unpopular as to have since become an election cry. But the Worcestershire evidence, carefully weighed, certainly does not tell in favour of the turnpikes. One supposed grievance in the case of abolition is always held to be that, if turnpikes were taken away, the inhabitants of towns would use the roads in the neighbourhood of those towns without paying for them in any shape. The roads about Worcester, we are told, are greatly worn down by waggons and carts belonging to builders and others living in Worcester. These now pay toll; if turnpikes were abolished, we are told that the Worcester citizens would cut up the roads without paying either tolls or rates. But the very same evidence showed that, though the carts belonged to people living in Worcester, they were mainly employed on works for the benefit of people living out of Worcester. Now we may be sure that these last are those who do in the end pay the toll, just as they are those who, if turnpikes were taken away, would have to pay the rates. But we may go deeper into the matter than this. Worcester, or any other considerable town, most certainly does not exist solely for the benefit of its own citizens. It exists quite as much for the benefit of the "gentry, clergy, and freeholders"—to use the old ante-Reform formula—of the country roundabout. They use the city for all manner of purposes, and they have an interest in it as close, though of a different kind, as the interest of the citizens themselves. If the city of Worcester were to vanish in a night, Worcestershire at large would doubtless feel that the spring had been taken out of its year. The inhabitants of the shire of all classes are drawn to the local capital for all sorts of objects of business and pleasure, and, when they get there, they expect to find the city in a decent state to receive them. They expect to find its streets clean, well paved, well lighted, guarded by a

sufficient staff of policemen. If these things are not so, they suffer, not so constantly as the citizens themselves, but, for the time, equally with them. Yet all these things are kept up for them by the citizens at the cost of the citizens. Every time the people of the shire go into the city, they make use of something for which they do not pay, but which they would greatly miss if it were not there. It is surely not unreasonable that the citizens should in return enjoy the use of roads round about the city, even though they are kept up at the cost of the inhabitants of the county.

These are arguments of last year. But in this Session the turnpike question has taken quite a new shape. It is, as we before said, getting mixed up with another and a much larger question. This is the question as to the sort of property on which local rates ought to be levied. There is a movement going on in various parts of England, whose cry is that the burden of local expenses ought not to be borne by real property only. The inhabitants of a district, we are told, ought to be assessed to all local charges, not simply in proportion to the land and houses which they occupy, but in proportion to their whole property liable to Income-tax. Meetings are being held, Associations are being formed, Chambers of Agriculture are arising to match the Chambers of Commerce, and by these means the new doctrine is being preached very vigorously. Into the soundness of that new doctrine we shall not examine in the present article. It starts far too many points, there is far too much to be said about it in various ways, for it to be fairly dealt with as something incidental to another question. But on the turnpike question this new question has an immediate bearing. The friends of turnpikes are in many cases ready to have the roads thrown on the rates, provided those rates are levied on all kinds of property. Many petitions have been sent up in this Session, not, as last year, absolutely against the abolition of turnpikes, but against the abolition of turnpikes unless the rates are extended to personal property. Most likely the authors of these petitions do not see that by this admission they give up their whole case. The grand doctrine that those who use the roads should pay for them would not be any the more carried out if all property were made liable to highway-rates. The bugbear of the commercial traveller would be just as frightful as before. That terrible being would still drive about wherever he pleased, and would use roads where he pleased, without paying a farthing. He or his employers would pay more towards the local taxation of London or Manchester, but they would pay none the more towards keeping up the roads which they are said to grind down so frightfully in Northumberland and Cornwall. All the arguments, if we can call them arguments, in favour of the retention of turnpikes would be just as strong after the change as before. People would still contribute to the roads, not in proportion to their use of them, but in proportion to some quite different standard. But to connect the two things is thought to be not unlikely to put a spoke in the wheel of abolition. There is every chance that turnpikes may be abolished before the other and larger question is even considered in Parliament. It is a great point therefore for the lovers of turnpikes to mix up the two questions together, on the chance that the turnpikes may in any case stay till the other question is considered, and that then, if judgment goes against the proposed change as to rating, the turnpikes may perhaps stay for ever. Such tactics as these must be resisted. The question of rating must be considered on its own merits, and the question of turnpikes must be kept quite distinct from it. When the turnpike question is again discussed, all questions about the debts of trusts and such like matters will have to be carefully gone into, and the burden must be laid on such shoulders as the wisdom of Parliament may think fit. But we must get rid—get rid in the next Session if possible—of a system so utterly unjust, unfair, and inconsistent, as the turnpike system as it now stands. Farmers do not read Macaulay; if they did, they would find in his writings a clear exposition of the reasons, thoroughly sound reasons at the time, which led to the first establishment of the turnpikes. But every one of these reasons has ceased to apply since the introduction of railways. The need for turnpikes has vanished, and, in all reason and fairness, the turnpikes should vanish also.

#### PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

XI.

MR. J. B. BURGESS has never painted more intelligently and effectively than now. His picture "Stolen by Gipsies" is unusually interesting from the strong appeal to the sympathy of the spectator, an appeal sustained by great power of expression. At a low Spanish inn, a haunt of gipsies and thieves, a pretty little girl who has been stolen from some respectable family is receiving, or undergoing, a lesson in dancing and in the use of the tambourine. The trouble in the poor thing's face, and the keen repulsive raillery in the face of one of the two men who are teaching her, as well as the compassionate look of a gipsy woman who has a child of her own and feels for this lonely little girl, are as good studies of expression as anything in this year's Academy except the two pictures by Mr. Pettie. The two old men who are playing at cards, and the gendarmes just entering upon the scene, as yet unperceived, are as lifelike in their way, though less powerfully dramatic. Mr. Burgess is very merciful

to the spectator in introducing the messengers of justice on the staircase. It would have been too painful to think that such a nice little girl should pass her whole life in the company of these vagabonds, and we feel much satisfaction in the thought that she is just going to be released, and restored to her anxious friends, whilst her captors will come within the grasp of the law. However profoundly people may have studied the fine arts, there always remains in most minds some trace of the childish way of looking at pictures, and children, as everybody knows, are always greatly interested in what is going to happen in a picture. It is in vain to tell us that the little girl is fixed upon the canvass, and will never be delivered, but will hold the hated tambourine and wear that look of trouble for the next five hundred years. We are sure that in some mysterious way, as soon as our back is turned, the soldiers of the law will come suddenly upon the scene and stop those horrible dancing-masters, and release their poor little pupil.

Another affecting picture is that by Mr. Thomas Faed, entitled "Worn Out." A poor man in a garret has been watching by the bedside of his boy, and is now so utterly weary that he is quite "worn out," and has fallen asleep in his chair. The man is a joiner by trade, as we know by his tools on the floor, and a fiddler for his amusement, or perhaps to eke out subsistence when work is not to be had, for there is also a violin in the room. The great point of interest is the face of the father, with its intense expression of weariness in combination with a certain suggestion of gentleness and kindness, all the more touching for the roughness of his exterior. Mr. Faed has long been a master of the simple, but often very powerful and affecting, drama of poor men's lives, and it is a real service to all classes to awaken sympathies such as are called forth by this noble picture. Most of the rich people in London have by this time seen it; few can have seen it without being moved by it; and though sympathy with imaginary sorrows does not always dispose us to alleviate those which are not imaginary, the intense truth of such pictures as this almost brings them into the world of reality, so that the contemplation of them is nearly as good for us as the contemplation of the stern fact itself.

One of the most amusing pictures in the Exhibition, and perhaps, if duly reflected upon, one of the most suggestive, is that by Mr. Hodgson, "Chinese Ladies looking at European Curiosities." The scene is the interior of a well-to-do house in China, where a box of objects very familiar to us, but curiosities to the Chinese, has just arrived from Europe. A man in Chinese costume has opened the box, and is just beginning to display its contents to four ladies, who are looking on with great interest and unaffectedly enjoying the strange sight. He has fished up a European lady's shoe, a white satin dress shoe, which he now holds up by the string in a delicate manner, as an apothecary holds his little glass scales, and simply smiles. No words are needed, the smile expresses everything; it says quite plainly, "Now is not this enormous shoe in the highest degree barbarous and absurd, and what must be the condition of the poor uncivilized women who wear such things, and whose hideous feet they fit!" The four Chinese ladies all laugh quite heartily; they are fully satisfied that the shoe is ridiculous, that all such shoes are ridiculous, and that the wearers of them must all be ridiculous. In a reflex way the picture, though apparently concerning itself only with a narrow Oriental prejudice, hits other prejudices in other parts of the world. It is only twelve or fourteen years since Englishwomen had just as strong a prejudice against the natural beard as Chinese women have against the natural feet, and to this day they have a contempt for many good and valuable ideas which cultivated men see to be in accordance with nature and common sense. It may be observed, also, that the English are in the habit of wasting and rejecting many articles of food which are both nutritious and palatable, but which it is more prudent not to name in this place, for fear of being considered absurd, like the white satin shoe in the picture.

Mr. Hodgson has never before painted quite so well. There is a remarkable intelligence of the values of some colours, especially of various reds; the dark screen, too, is made very useful in its place. There is some excellent work in the mat and furniture; and in praising this we have no desire to imply that it is obtrusive, or distracts attention from the faces; we mean that it is not only good absolutely, but relatively. It seems unfortunate that the two sides of the table should have been lighted so precisely alike; it is possible no doubt, but even supposing it to be quite true, still, if the table had been turned an inch or two, one side would have been darker than the other, and the effect would have been equally true and much more explanatory.

Mr. Walker's "Vagrants" is not a pleasant picture, but it is a fair specimen of the artist's workmanship—of his now strongly developed mannerism. Of this mannerism it is right to say that it expresses certain qualities of nature with great power, especially mystery, and is often in a high degree suggestive. Mr. Walker always puts a great deal of character into his figures, and has done so effectively in this instance, but the picture leaves rather an unpleasant impression, due to a painful air of stifled suffering and indignation in the face of one of the women, which haunts us afterwards. The landscape, though simple, is mysterious, and there is a feat of technical skill in the management of the smoke from the burning sticks, and the appearance of objects seen through it.

The picture by Mr. Wells, "Letters and News at the Loch Side," is probably a group of portraits. Some English gentlemen

in the Highlands, who have been fishing in a loch, have brought their boat to the shore to meet the postman as he passes. Every one who has spent much time in the Highlands, or in any other country where the post time is somewhat uncertain and there is only one delivery a day, must remember how immensely important is that hour when the despatches are expected to arrive. When the postman comes at last, any occupation, even salmon-fishing, is suspended if we are within a mile of him, and when he has left us we are plunged in interests very remote from the lonely Highland lakes and glens. Mr. Wells, in a very simple and natural and direct way, has painted his group of Englishmen with their background of Highland scenery. Painters generally believe that no outdoor picture can do without a sky, even though there be a mere glimpse of it, but it often happens in mountainous countries that we have before us an impressive scene, whilst the sky and foreground cannot be seen at the same time. Mr. Wells has boldly painted loch and mountain without sky at all, and there can be no doubt that his background is a good deal better and more interesting than the conventional pillar and column.

The most perfect landscape in the Academy seems to us to be Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Loch Eil, Showery Weather." There can be no question now that Mr. Johnson is one of the most accomplished modern masters of landscape; he has proved it so often that the critic must be blind or captious indeed who would not willingly take off his hat, as it were, to this remarkable painter, and salute him with the respect due to genius and perseverance. This picture is full of the truest feeling for Highland scenery—for dark shadows on the cloud-capped streaming hills, for rich foreground of blooming heather, for brown peat-stained rivulet, and silver glitter of the broad unquiet lake. What land on earth has such colour as the Highlands, or such powerful effects of shade, such glory of sunshine on wet gold and purple against such dark depths of gloom?

An uncommonly clever, but also uncommonly ugly, animal picture may be mentioned. It is by Mr. Cathelinau, and represents a bitch with very short legs and three puppies. The title of the picture is "The Nurse." The type of dog is most inelegant, but we have seldom seen a dog better painted, and we call attention to the picture for its technical quality. Another canine subject, "The Last of the Garrison," by Mr. Riviere, is remarkable for pathos. A poor dog has remained in a besieged house till the last, and is now standing at the top of the stair as the enemy enters. The soldiers have fired up the staircase, and a ball has hit the dog, who has not yet fallen, but the blood drips from his wound. The picture suggests very painful reflections. There has never been a war amongst human beings that has not entailed great suffering on inferior creatures; even our triumphant Abyssinian Expedition, which cost so few human lives, was the cause of torture and death to great numbers of unfortunate animals.

We must beg to be excused any minute description of the portraits, which are overwhelming in number, and especially in the wall-surface they occupy. It is said that a belief is prevalent in the Academy that portraits pay better than other pictures; that is, they draw more shillings, because, when a man's portrait is exhibited, all his friends and admirers go to see it. This may have been true thirty years ago, but in the present day we believe that pictures of genre interest more spectators than portraits do; for, although a man's acquaintances like to see his portrait, nobody else cares to look at it at all (unless it happens to be a work of art, which seldom occurs), whereas the public generally is interested in such pictures as those of Mason and Faed. We must say that it seems to us inexcusable to admit so many large portraits and exclude such a picture as the "Medea" of Mr. Sandys, one of the most admirably finished works ever executed by an English painter, and of the most moderate size. There is a mystery in these things; and portrait-painters have the privilege of occupying many square yards with the emptiest of backgrounds when other artists whose whole canvasses would not take up as much room as the frame of a large portrait are excluded, "from a want of space which it is hoped will be remedied in the new building." It might have been remedied, we think, to a certain extent in this.

Mr. Holman Hunt perseveres in the custom of separate exhibition. His picture from Keats, or rather primarily from Boccaccio, the "Pot of Basil," is decidedly the finest work we have seen of his since the "Christ in the Temple." The exhibition of this picture has, however, brought to light a very curious fact, that although the story has been told by Boccaccio and Keats, very few persons in proportion to the numbers that constitute the public know anything about the "Pot of Basil," or what was in it, or why Isabel watered it with her tears. Painters are often laughed at because they choose such worn-out subjects—Moses and the gross of green spectacles, Othello smothering Desdemona, and so on; but they are forced to it, because as soon as they go over so little out of the most beaten track people cannot follow them without a page of explanation. Another objection to the subject is that it is so intensely horrible and morbid. We have a difficulty in sympathizing with the sort of affection which could induce a young lady to go to her lover's grave, and cut his head off with a knife, and bring it home with her, and wash it, and comb it, and put it in a pot. Not every English damsel would care to keep a potted lover! As Isabella belonged to a wealthy Florentine family, there was a fair pretext for rich costume and accessories, and Mr. Hunt's love for magnificent detail never went further than in this picture.

It is really very splendid, and the figure is very powerful in expression. Nothing more striking, of that particular kind of art, has been produced in our school for many years past, and we are the more happy to be able to say this since Mr. Hunt had given us some reason to fear that he was subsiding into contented mediocrity.

## REVIEWS.

### THE HERMITS.\*

FOR once Mr. Kingsley is distinctly dull. There are of course interesting episodes and bits of really fine writing scattered here and there over the pages of this book, but the bulk of the stories are monotonous and wearisome, and the reflections which interrupt them are as wearisome and as monotonous as the stories. Fascinating indeed as the subject is at first sight, it was a fatal mistake to select the biographies of the Hermits as a book for general readers. To tell the life of those gaunt solitaires of the desert or the fens—their actual life, the rude savage war on impulses as rude and as savage, the deadly wrestle with low animal desire—is now impossible. There are few grander figures than that of Antony, but his appearance in the modern drawing-room, unless carefully draped, would scatter to the winds the prim matrons and demure maidens who call on Mr. Macmillan for a "Sunday Library"; and so Mr. Kingsley, mindful of maidens, is driven to long lines of asterisks, and in the "necessary omissions" all that gives fire and interest to the life slips quietly away. We are of course ready to take their biographer's raptures on trust, but as they front us in his book these "hermits made decent" are distinctly tedious and slow. Nor, it must be owned, if we look at the matter from a philosophical point of view, do the Professor's raptures give us a very clear notion of the value of these men to Christendom or to the world:—

The question [says Mr. Kingsley] which had to be settled then and there, at that particular crisis of the human race, was not—Are certain wonders true or false? but—Is man a mere mortal animal, or an immortal soul? Is his flesh meant to serve his spirit, or his spirit his flesh? Is pleasure, or virtue, the end and aim of his existence?

The hermits set themselves to answer that question, not by arguing or writing about it, but by the only way in which any question can be settled—by experiment. They resolved to try whether their immortal souls could not grow better and better, while their mortal bodies were utterly neglected; to make their flesh serve their spirit; to make virtue their only end and aim; and utterly to relinquish the very notion of pleasure. To do this one thing, and nothing else, they devoted their lives; and they succeeded. From their time it has been a received opinion, not merely among a few philosophers or a few Pharisees, but among the lowest, the poorest, the most ignorant, who had known aught of Christianity, that man is an immortal soul; that the spirit, and not the flesh, ought to be master and guide; that virtue is the highest good; and that purity is a virtue, impurity a sin.

The question, we take it, which not that age only but every age has to settle, is not a question of the relative superiority of spirit and flesh, but how an harmonious relation can best be established between the two. The hermit did no more to settle this than the Roman voluptuaries against whose life his own was a protest. Both reduced man into bondage to a single element of his nature, and asceticism proved even more injurious to the highest interests of the race than sensualism itself. Bigotry, hardness and narrowness of temper, superstition, persecution, are as legitimately the outcome of the one as effeminacy and selfishness and greed of the other. The assertion that these men were "the very fathers of purity" is intelligible enough in the mouth of Montalembert, accepting as a Romanist the false mediæval notion of purity; but it is hardly intelligible in the mouth of Mr. Kingsley. If, "as a matter of fact, through these men's teaching, we have learnt what morality, purity, and Christianity we possess," the protests of a school of religious thinkers to which Mr. Kingsley was once supposed to belong might at any rate have taught him what a maimed and debased conception of all the three these ascetics bequeathed us. What the hermits really did was to preserve the essentially democratic idea of the Christian Church through ages when it was overlaid by the forms of the Imperialism it had conquered. Like the prophets of an earlier time, they preserved religion from being stifled under priesthood. Standing necessarily outside of the purely ecclesiastical organization which more and more absorbed the rights and dignity of the whole Christian body, they vindicated by their very position, for the meanest and most unlettered peasant, a right to holiness and to direct converse with all that was divine. In them too lingered all the boldness, the moral audacity—if one may use the term—of the seers of Israel; the fearless testimony against oppression and tyranny and wrong. But these are virtues which have in every age and under every theological system distinguished the development of the individual religious life in its opposition to the collective; they are as much the merits of the faker as of the hermit. In other words, the solitary has a position in the history of every religion, but he has no special position in the history of Christianity.

"He who sits still in the desert," said Antony, "is safe from three enemies—from hearing, from speech, from sight; and has to fight against only one, his own heart." Something of the intense stillness of the desert breathes in this famous sentence of the father of asceticism. Mr. Kingsley has painted in the finest

passage of his book the physical influences which moulded the lives of the earliest solitaires. These hermits

enjoyed Nature, not so much for her beauty, as for her perfect peace. Day by day the rocks remained the same. Silently out of the Eastern desert, day by day, the rising sun threw aloft those arrows of light, which the old Greeks had named "the rosy fingers of the dawn." Silently he passed in full blaze almost above their heads throughout the day; and silently he dipped behind the western desert in a glory of crimson and orange, green and purple; and the stars leapt out, not twinkling as in our damper climate here, but hanging like balls of white fire in that purple southern night, through which one seems to look beyond the stars into the infinite abyss, and towards the throne of God himself. Day by day, night after night, that gorgeous pageant passed over the poor hermit's head without a sound; and though sun and moon and planet might change their places as the year rolled round, the earth beneath his feet seemed not to change. Every morning he saw the same peaks in the distance, the same rocks, the same sand-heaps around his feet. He never heard the tinkle of a running stream. For weeks together he did not even hear the rushing of the wind. Now and then a storm might sweep up the pass, whirling the sand in eddies, and making the desert for a while literally a "howling wilderness;" and when that was passed all was as it had been before. The very change of seasons must have been little marked to him, save by the motions, if he cared to watch them, of the stars above; for vegetation there was none to mark the difference between summer and winter. In spring of course the solitary date-palm here and there threw out its spathe of young green leaves, to add to the number of those which, grey or brown, hung drooping down the stem, withering but not decaying for many a year in that dry atmosphere; or perhaps the acacia bushes looked somewhat gay for a few weeks, and the Ketama broom, from which as well as from the palm leaves he plaited his baskets, threw out its yearly crop of twigs; but any greenness there might be in the vegetation of spring, turned grey in a few weeks beneath that burning sun; and the rest of the year was one perpetual summer of dust and glare and rest. Amid such scenes the mind had full time for thought.

In such a stillness the life of the Eastern solitary was of necessity uneventful. The eternal sameness of the desert lies over the stories of Antony, of Macarius, of Hilarion. Antony, indeed, breaks it by the terse quaintness of his famous sayings, which form some of the most entertaining pages of the book. "Life and death are very near us; for if we gain our brother we gain God; but if we cause our brother to offend we sin against Christ." "How art thou content," asked a philosopher, "since thou hast not the comfort of books?" "My book," replied the solitary, "is the nature of created things. In it when I choose I can read the words of God." It is broken, too, by those tender passionate friendships of man for man which formed so fair a feature in the monastic life which followed. Hilarion's visit to the grave of Antony has a strangely pathetic beauty in it. The scholars of the great hermit guide him from place to place. "Here he used to sing, here to pray, here to work, here to sit when tired. These vines, these shrubs, he planted himself; that plot he laid out with his own hands." They show their visitor the pond he had made with heavy toil, his hoe, his orchard where the wild asses would quench their thirst at the stream without injury to the plants. Then they led him to the famous cell, and Hilarion lay on Antony's bed, and kissed it as if it were still warm. Then, after one last visit to the mysterious grave, hidden from the knowledge of man, Hilarion went his way. But for the beauty of stories like these, however, the lives of the Eastern hermits are strangely jejune and dull. In their "humility, obedience, reverence," however Mr. Kingsley may value the three qualities, we feel as if they were merely transferring to the desert and God the craven slavishness which had ruined Byzantium and the Cæsars. "If the Sermon on the Mount means anything," says the Rector of Eversley, "as a practical rule of life for Christian men, then these monks were surely justified in trying to obey it, for to obey it they surely tried." It was just by the utter failure of their attempt, and of the attempt of their monastic successors, to obey literally the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, that they aided in the grander work of spiritualizing Christianity. Already in these solitaires themselves this work of evolution has begun. "I do not now fear God but love him, for love drives out fear," is the knell of asceticism, though uttered by the ascetic Antony. But it is in Macarius that this largeness of feeling takes its grandest shape. His disciple, meeting an idol-priest who is carrying a huge beam, cries "Where art thou running, devil?" on which the priest beats him, and leaves him half dead. Then Macarius himself meets him, and cries "Salvation to thee, labourer, salvation!" "What good hast thou seen in me," says the wondering priest, "that thou salutes me thus?" "Because," replied Macarius, "I saw thee working and running, though ignorantly." Another story is yet finer. A voice tells the hermit that he is inferior to two women who dwell in a town hard by. He finds in the women two simple housewives living together, but who, when questioned, own that they had never spoken a foul word to one another or quarrelled. Their husbands had refused their consent to their request that they might retire into a nunnery; whereon they had vowed, and had kept their vow, never to speak one worldly word. "In truth," is the striking comment of Macarius, "there is neither virgin nor married woman nor monk nor secular; but God only requires the intention, and ministers the spirit of life to all."

In spite, however, of words like these, the hermits of the East died as the Moslem swept them away into mere fakeers. The question which the good man from Arabena put to Simeon of the Pillar, "Art thou a man or a thing?" received its answer in the degradation of humanity into mere matter in the saint whom he addressed. It is amusing to see how these baser forms of asceticism became physically impossible when asceticism travelled westward. When

\* *The Hermits*. By the Rev. C. Kingsley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1863.

Wolffach tried to imitate Simeon at Trèves, the Bishop, foreseeing that in such a climate the attempt was sheer suicide, pulled down his pillar and sent him about his business. The disciples of Sulpicius Severus complained bitterly of their master when, full of his Egyptian models, he condemned them to simple bread and herbs. "It is vain to make us live like angels," they said, sensibly enough, "when we are only Gauls." The career, indeed, of the hermit life in the West was checked abruptly by the enormous development of cenobitic monasticism under the organizing genius of St. Benedict. But it never could have reached its Oriental development in the forests and fens of mediæval Europe, and yet it was only forest and fen which could afford the requisite solitude. The sketch of the fens in the story of St. Guthlac forms an admirable contrast to the desert-sketch in the story of St. Antony:—

The fens in the seventh century were probably very like the forests at the mouth of the Mississippi, or the swampy shores of the Carolinas. Their vast plain is now, in summer, one sea of golden corn; in winter, a black dreary fallow, cut into squares by stagnant dykes, and broken only by unsightly pumping mills and doleful lines of poplar-trees. Of old it was a labyrinth of black wandering streams; broad lagoons; morasses submerged every spring-tide; vast beds of reed and sedge and fern; vast copes of willow, alder, and grey poplar, rooted in the floating peat, which was swallowing up slowly, all-devouring, yet all-preserving, the forests of fir and oak, ash and poplar, hazel and yew, which had once grown on that low, rank soil, sinking slowly (so geologists assure us) beneath the sea from age to age. Trees, torn down by flood and storm, floated and lodged in rafts, damming the waters back upon the land. Streams, bewildered in the flats, changed their channels, mingling silt and sand with the peat moss. Nature, left to herself, ran into wild riot and chaos more and more, till the whole fen became one "Dismal Swamp," in which, at the time of the Norman Conquest, the "Last of the English," like Dred in Mrs. Stowe's tale, took refuge from their tyrants, and lived, like him, a free and joyous life awhile.

What scenes like these actually generated was an atmosphere of extravagant fancy which took shape in the wildest legends. The stories of the Western hermits have none of the narrow monotonous intensity of their Eastern rivals. They are full of a weird poetry, in which the Saint seems often to have taken the place of the Troll of the older mythology. Hermits swim over seas in their simple cloaks, make lambs leap in the robber's stomach, slay dragons, or, like St. Brendan, discover far lands in the mystic sea. Kentigern is accused of having wrung off the head of the robin of St. Serf. He puts it on again, and the robin sings as blithely as before. When his fire goes out he brings in a tree from the frozen forests and lights the log with his breath. Poetry mingles strangely with fact in such stories as that of St. Cuthbert with his eider ducks about him, or St. Godric in his cell at Finchale. The story of Godric is perhaps the best, as it is certainly the freshest thing in the book, and we wish Mr. Kingsley had bestowed on it half the labour of exposition which he has lavished on the earlier hermits of the East. No tale better illustrates the common life of Englishmen in the twelfth century, none throws so clear a light on the religious revolution which was about to take place. The legend which coupled the names of Godric and Archbishop Thomas together (and, though an anachronism in itself, we wonder Mr. Kingsley has not noticed it) has great historic value; it is only our knowledge of the new outburst of spiritual feeling in the people which can explain their attitude in the great struggle between the Primate and the King.

We have little fault to find with Mr. Kingsley's share in the book, save our first complaint of dulness. Any attempt to cure him of his trick of what we may call religious swearing must, we fear, be a hopeless one; but we still protest, as we have protested before, against the profuse employment for the mere purpose of literary emphasis of such phrases as "the living God." Modest men are content to spell out with a certain diffidence the laws of the divine government of the world, but Mr. Kingsley has for the last twenty years been proclaiming his intimate acquaintance with the counsels of Providence. Still it is a little startling, even in him, to find a divine sanction called in to ratify the outrages of the Republican troops in the good town of Trèves. "The cathedral and churches were stripped of relics, of jewels, of treasures of early art. The Prince Bishop's palace is a barrack; so was lately St. Maximus's shrine; St. Martin's a china-manufactory, and St. Matthias a school." "So goes the world," moralizes the Rector of Eversley, "because there is a living God." Decent people may be a little startled at the assigning of such a cause for pillage and robbery, and the conversion of a church into a china-shop. But Mr. Kingsley may plead, as he has pleaded before, that all he meant was that what would be would be; in a word, that, short of a little fatalist nonsense, he meant nothing at all. Still there is less of this sort of thing in the present work than in most of its predecessors, and there is certainly a distinct diminution in the number of blunders. Whatever good the Professor's historical teaching may be doing to his pupils, it is undoubtedly doing good to himself. On the whole the book is fairly correct, and if we note one or two slips, it is simply in love to a soul which is clearly turning to better things. Why, for instance, does Mr. Kingsley go out of his way to explain the name of the famous Abbey of Marmontier, as a contraction for "Martini monasterium"? The only justification for these bits of side information is their correctness, and unfortunately Mr. Kingsley's explanation simply proves that his knowledge was drawn from some second-hand compilation, and that he had never seen the name of the great house—the "Majus Monasterium" of the Loire—in

any record or history of its own. Then, again, we have to renew our old prayer for a little accuracy in copying plain statements out of Latin into English. What authority has Mr. Kingsley for coupling Odoacer and his brother together in the well-known visit to Severinus? As Gibbon tells it, Onulf has long since made his way to Constantinople; and in Eugippius, whose story the Professor is following, Odoacer is distinctly described as alone. So, too, in the same story, we are told that "All the saint asked was that Odoacer should forgive some Romans whom he had banished." What the saint did ask for was the recall of a single Roman named Ambrosius. And in "German knights," at the close of the tale, it must be owned, above all if we remember its date, that we have a marvellously free rendering of "multi nobiles." Cuthbert, again, was certainly a monk at Melrose, but where does "Bede say" that he was ever Abbot of the house by Tweed? And certainly a little knowledge of the great ecclesiastical movement which had been going on in Ireland before Strongbow's landing might have saved Mr. Kingsley from branding Pope Hadrian as a destroyer of Ireland's "primæval church." Ireland, however, is throughout a stumbling-block to the Professor; in spite of his study of Dr. Reeves, he does not seem to have got free from the old blunder of regarding the Irish observance of Easter as "an Eastern mode."

We could forgive, however, more serious errors than these in consideration of one incontestable merit which the book possesses. With the exception of his omissions, Mr. Kingsley has given us, in the earlier portion of his work, simple translations of the original lives of his heroes. The biography of Antony is given as Athanasius told it; and we read the words in which Jerome described the life of Paul. If we are to understand these men, the first step towards it must undoubtedly be to see them as those of their own day saw them. To any one who is really desirous of getting at the actual mind and temper of such a solitary as Benedict, there is something repulsive in the varnish and sentimentalism of M. de Montalembert. But even with this aid they remain singularly unmeaning to us. The whole lesson of their lives seems to be written in the legend of St. Goar, and of his attempt to hang his cloak upon a sunbeam. In the effort to become "angels and not Gauls" they undoubtedly did much. They created, for instance, that love of external nature, that sense of a sympathy with created things, which forms so important a part in modern poetry. But in the effort itself they failed, nor do we fear, with Mr. Kingsley, that religious extravagance will revive in our days this peculiar form of human degradation. It was the narrowness, the limited sphere of human interest afforded by the older world, which made the hermit possible. The largeness of modern thought and aim precludes his revival.

#### SOCRATES AND THE SOCRATIC SCHOOLS.\*

IT is hardly necessary to say that we welcome the appearance in an English dress of even a small part of Dr. Zeller's *Philosophy of the Greeks*. Nothing in literature is more melancholy than the inadequate treatment of a great subject, and it cannot be denied that, taking the Greek philosophy as a whole, no one of the many Englishmen who have written upon it has treated it adequately. We have plenty of monographs, executed with varying intelligence and skill, and plenty of "general views" compressed within the limits of a quarterly article. Every editor of a Platonic dialogue or of a treatise of Aristotle has something to add to the general stock, and every reviewer has his own ideas to express about the philosophy that was the cradle and the nursery of all the after-thought of Europe. But of more comprehensive works we have few, and those for the most part lamentably unsatisfactory. Ferrier's *Lectures*, it is true, are straight forward, accurate, and above all, singularly clear; but they very form rob them of all but an elementary value, and reduces them almost to the nature of a manual. Mr. Lewes is more ambitious, but his success, except in the chapters (for instance) on physical science, where he speaks with some authority, is certainly not so great. Nothing more imperfect than his treatment of the moral side of the philosophy of Aristotle can well be imagined, and his scorn of metaphysics is not likely to conciliate those of his readers who give any part of their allegiance to Kant. No one, of course, would say a word in disparagement of the learning and acumen of Mr. Grote, or of the great services that he has rendered—more perhaps in his *History* than in his *Plato*—to the understanding of the mental condition of Greece in the fifth century. But it is no new charge against Mr. Grote that he is now and then hardly fair. In his *Plato* especially, his critical faculty is constantly warped by his preconceived philosophical beliefs; the same utilitarian tendency which Zeller, in the book before us, notices in Socrates, and even in Kant, appears in its most unrestrained form in Mr. Grote's explanations of Socrates and his companions. We have, as Dr. Stirling says in his translation of Schweigler, to fall back upon the Germans; they are so exhaustive that they have "left the English absolutely nothing to do but translate their text and copy their erudition into notes." But the work which Dr. Stirling himself took the pains to translate, as Mr. Seelye had done before in America, scarcely gives a fair idea of the achievements of the Germans. A detailed account—biographical, critical, and

\* *Socrates and the Socratic Schools*. Translated from the German of Dr. E. Zeller, by Oswald J. Reichel, B.C.L., M.A., Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon College. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

explanatory—of all the philosophers from Thales to Hegel, can hardly be well written in three hundred and fifty small octavo pages. And, besides the harshness which is the necessary result of so much compression, there is as strong a partisan spirit in Schwegler's book as there is—on the other side, of course—in that of Mr. Lewes. It is a relief to turn from these imperfect works to so great a book as that of Dr. Zeller. One is at a loss which to praise most—his learning, his insight, or his fairness in judging both doctrines and authorities. The labour that he spends on obscure points is sometimes indeed almost superfluous; for instance, to clear up once and for all the biography of Diogenes (by no means an essential part of his book), he quotes two German histories and thirty-six original authorities—Diogenes Laertius, Plutarch, Musonius, Lucian, Dio Chrysostom, Aelian, St. Jerome, Valerius Maximus, Epictetus, Philo, and many more. It is not likely that a writer of such vast independent research should bind himself to follow the opinions of any previous writer; the danger, which occasionally Mr. Grote fails to avoid, is that he should allow his convictions to direct, and not force them to follow, his researches. Into this danger Dr. Zeller never falls; and the result is that his book, as well as being learned, is conspicuously fair. No doubt it would never have been written if it had not been for Hegel; but Zeller, although his sense of debt is everywhere apparent, is far from looking upon Hegel as infallible in details.

It is to Mr. Reichel's credit that he has succeeded so well in his attempt to render into clear non-technical English one of the most important parts of Zeller's History. His double reason for choosing this part he states in his preface—"to supply an introductory volume to the real philosophy of Greece as it found expression in the complete systems of Plato and Aristotle," and to make use of the light which foreign sources throw on the "person and surroundings of the Sphinx of philosophy." The very term "Pre-Socratics," which groups together under a common name all the widely-differing schools that preceded him—Ionics, Eleatics, Pythagoreans—seems to point to Socrates as making an era that it is impossible to mistake. The philosophers that had gone before him were children crying for the light; their generalizations had been little more than guesses; they themselves are to us rather curious than important. It is with Socrates that the history of thought begins. This fact is the key of Zeller's position, and it is therefore natural that his translator should choose to give us the history of Socrates as a first instalment. We hope that either Mr. Reichel himself will follow up his first venture, or that some equally competent person will translate the *Plato*. Already an English version of Zeller's *Aristotle and the Elder Peripatetics*, by Mr. J. A. Symonds, is advertised; and we can only hope that it will be as satisfactory as this of the *Socrates*. For Mr. Reichel has at all events succeeded where Stirling and Seelye failed; he has made his translation readable. A translator may have one of two objects; he may aim at representing the form, or at representing the matter, of his author. The first is the object of the translator of a poem, or of any work in which the form has come to be regarded as the most important part. The second is of course the object of any one who seeks to convey to those who speak one language the thoughts of those who speak another. Mr. Reichel has kept this second aim clearly in view, and his general accuracy seems to be unimpeachable. There are, however, several misprints—chiefly, it is true, in the notes—which it will be well to correct in a second edition. For instance, in the margin of p. 73, "false *news*" is printed for "*views*"; in that of p. 200 "*was absolutely necessary*" should be "*was not*"; on p. 16 the doubts that Euripides puts into the mouth of Talthybius are referred to the Helen instead of the Hecuba; in p. 23, note 1, Hdt. 2.31 ought to be 1.31. If Mr. Reichel will correct these and similar trifling errors, and will expunge the hideous word "*unreliable*" and the barbarous "*different to*," and will cease using "*alone*" for "*only*," we shall be even more glad to welcome his second edition than his first.

Two introductory chapters state the problem proposed to philosophy in the latter part of the fifth century, and illustrate it by the political condition of Greece, by literature, by the new forms of religious worship, and by the character of the existing philosophy and the progress it had made. The problem was, should science be given as hopeless, or should an effort be made to establish it once for all on a new and durable basis? The Sophists themselves, while they outwardly suggested the one answer, really supplied the means of the other. They were the outgrowth of an age dissatisfied with tradition; and yet, while their visible work was destructive, they could not fail to open up a new and richer field of inquiry. The position of Euripides as compared with Aeschylus, of Thucydides as compared with the facts that he describes, his "calm, unimpassioned, penetrating, and morally correct view of the world," contrasted with the "confusion of all moral notions in the factious struggles of the Peloponnesian war . . . the shaking of all general convictions," express the nature of the times. The experience of the past suggested the only possible remedy. "Traditional propriety of conduct had succumbed before the spirit of innovation because it rested on instinct and custom, and not on any clear knowledge of its necessity." Criticism so far had been purely destructive, because the systems on which it had acted were all partial and one-sided. Such philosophy as there had hitherto been was solely a philosophy of nature; morality had been settled by custom alone. What was

wanted was a scientific basis for morality, a system of ethics that should rest on knowledge:—

Scientific ethics became necessary, because moral convictions had been shaken; a wider inquiry became necessary, because of the one-sidedness of the philosophy of nature; a searching criticism was necessary, because dogmatic systems contradicted one another; a philosophy of conception was necessary, because observations of the senses could not be relied on; idealism was necessary, because a materialistic view of the world proved unsatisfactory.

Thus both the aim and the method of philosophy were changed:—

In previous philosophy thought had been directed immediately to the object, as such. In the Socratic and post-Socratic systems it was directed immediately to the conception, and to the object only mediately, through the conception. The older systems inquired, without further examination, what predicates belonged to things; for instance, whether being admitted of motion or not—how and out of what the world was made. The Socratic philosophy ever asks, in the first place, what things are in themselves, according to the conception belonging to them, and thinks to explain their states and properties best when it has thoroughly mastered these conceptions. The conception of a thing is only obtained by observing its various aspects and qualities, by uniting them, by harmonizing apparent contradictions, by distinguishing what is lasting from what is changing; in a word, by that constructive criticism which was introduced by Socrates, and which was enlarged by Plato and Aristotle. Former philosophers, starting from single prominent features, endeavoured by a one-sided view of things to discover what they were. Now all the properties of an object were taken into account and weighed from every side, before a judgment could be formed. Thus reflection, which substituted sophistry in place of the older philosophy, was welcomed by the new philosophy as a moving power; the various aspects under which things might be regarded were brought together and referred to each other; but, instead of stopping at the negative result, and allowing that our notions cannot be true because they contain opposite determinations, the aim of the new philosophy was to unite these opposites in one, and to show that true science is not affected by contradiction, because it only refers to what unites opposites in itself, and is superior to all contradiction.

The establishment of this doctrine was the great achievement of Socrates. But his historian, though he may take that point for granted, is met at the outset by a difficulty; which of the two contemporary authorities for the teaching of Socrates is he to trust? At one time, as Zeller points out, it was customary to construct a fancy history from passages taken indiscriminately from Plato and Xenophon, and even from later authorities. The reaction in favour of Xenophon began with Brucker, and the counter-reaction, which disparages the authority of Xenophon on the ground that he was intellectually incapable of understanding his master, was started by Schleiermacher, and carried on by Brandis, Ritter, and many others. It is with a sense of the difficulty of the question that Zeller gives his modified and partial assent to the view of the latter school:—"The only safe course is that adopted by Schleiermacher, who asks—What *may* Socrates have been, in addition to what Xenophon says he was, without denying the character and maxims which Xenophon distinctly assigns to him? And what *must* he have been to call for and to justify such a description as is given of him in the dialogues of Plato?" In other words, Xenophon is trustworthy as to facts, so far as he goes, and Plato only claims to be true to facts when he agrees with Xenophon. Yet there still remains to be accounted for the actual position of Socrates, the wonderful influence which he exerted both on his contemporaries and on the ages that followed. Xenophon, a practical man, a soldier, of a type of character almost English, did not attempt to explain this. Plato was overmastered by it. He presents the rare phenomenon of one genius so wholly devoted to another that he himself is unable to see where the master's teaching ends and the pupil's own work begins. It is not difficult for criticism roughly to fix the limit; for throughout the Platonic dialogues there is a progress, so marked that it is in fact the chief test of their chronological order, from Socratic to mixed doctrines, and from these again to doctrines purely Platonic.

What may be clearly and without question set down to Socrates is briefly this—knowledge is the aim of human effort, and true knowledge is only possible of conceptions. But as with Socrates moral and intellectual excellence were inseparable, and as he could discover no security for conduct but knowledge, so he could find, in the first instance at least, no other subject for knowledge but human conduct. Hence followed the two other characteristics of his philosophy—first, the invention of method; secondly, the restriction of the subject-matter of knowledge to ethics. Knowledge of ignorance, search for knowledge by the two processes of Eros and Irony, and, lastly, the formation of conceptions by Dialectic, are the three steps in the Socratic method. Its object was simply to attain a knowledge that might form a durable basis for conduct. Hence his exclusion—which Zeller seems to re-establish against Schleiermacher—of the study of physical science and of theology. The vagueness of his great ethical conclusion, that virtue is the knowledge of the good, is the inevitably weak point in his philosophy. "Just as his speculative philosophy stopped with the general requirement that knowledge belonged to conceptions only, so his practical philosophy stopped with the indefinite postulate that actions must correspond with their conceptions." The necessary result was, that he should soon feel the need of a further standard, and that he should choose one or both of the two obvious ones, custom and utility. The superficial character of this mode of treatment was in Plato hidden behind the further thought, that "the use of virtue is a consequence of its agreeing with a healthy state of the soul." But there is no evidence which warrants our attributing

this farther thought to the real Socrates; and the argument that the appeal to an external standard, such as utility or law, is hostile to the rest of his system, is really worth very little. "Il est dangereux," says M. Renan, "de faire ainsi coïncider de force les différents aperçus des anciens."

It would be strange indeed if the teaching of Socrates were perfectly consistent, and if he were not, in fact, a mass of opposite *aperçus*. For his teaching, important as it was, was but the symbol of his life. There is no instance of a philosopher or ethical teacher whose doctrines are so little impersonal as those of Socrates. His philosophy, with its crudities and inconsistencies, with its occasional approaches to a morality quite unknown to Greece—as, for instance, the prohibition of revenge given in the *Crito*—above all, his magical influence on his contemporaries, can only be explained by reference to his life. Never were so many opposite elements combined in one character; as Plato's famous simile describes him, he was outwardly a Silenus, inwardly a Greek god. His coarse features, his unwieldy body, his words that at first "sounded ridiculous like those of an ignorant and stupid man," contrasted in a way that to a Greek must have seemed paradoxical indeed with the wealth and beauty stored up within. His whole life was a carrying out of this paradox. On the one hand, we see in him the *bon compagnon* who could drink till daybreak and feel no hurt, the urbane Athenian who so preferred a life of bustle and sociability that he never dared face the solitude of the country, the friend of the poet Agathon, the half-admiring reprover of the extravagances of Alcibiades. On the other hand, we see him standing barefoot in the market-place, disputing on all questions with all comers, the antagonist of society and the world; in a word, the first of those Cynics who traced their origin to him. It was because he was an anomaly that his influence was so wide, and because he was an anomaly he was condemned. No special causes can be assigned for his condemnation; neither the enmity of the Sophists, nor the personal animosity of Anytus, nor political party feeling alone. No doubt he had tried to discredit the Sophists; he had told the son of Anytus that the concerns of his soul were more important than leather-selling; he had taught doctrines which, at least in the judgment of an ordinary Athenian, were anti-democratic. But in reality the cause of his conviction was far more general. Like that of all teachers who have made an epoch in history, his teaching was revolutionary; his position was at variance with the old Greek morality; he was a subverter of authority and tradition, and was by that act an offender against God and the State. From the traditional view of right and the State, from the view his judges inherited from their fathers, and only from that, he was undoubtedly guilty. But, as Zeller justly urges, whether his judges had a right to that view is another question. Already, while they were sitting in judgment, the whole moral atmosphere had changed; tradition had in fact yielded to the wildest individualism. The charge against Socrates really amounts to this—that he fell in with the spirit of the times, and tried to reform it by means of itself, and not by a hopeless attempt to revive a type that had vanished for ever. In Zeller's words, "this is the peculiar tragic turn in the fate of Socrates; a reformer who is really conservative is attacked by nominal but pretended restorers of old times." We cannot doubt that, had he chosen, he might have escaped the extreme penalty, though his escape would have robbed his work of half its power, and his life of half its grandeur.

It is an interesting question, which we might pursue if space allowed it, to determine the relation which great teachers hold to the schools that follow them and bear their names. Often, as has been frequently remarked, the teacher himself, a Luther or a Plato, spends the energies of his later years in driving back followers who have outrun their leader. Where the case is not precisely this, the divergence between master and disciple, and naturally therefore between the disciples themselves, becomes visible in the next generation at the latest. Few learners are capable of grasping their master's teaching as a whole, or of reproducing it in its completeness. Accident, or personal temperament, or peculiar associations, determine what part of the doctrine shall have the most attraction for them, and this part they take up and invest with an exclusive importance. Hence the disciples not only pass beyond their master's meaning, but themselves run into the very opposite extremes. Aristotle and Speusippus have sat alike at the feet of Plato, Locke and Hobbes both trace their philosophy to Bacon, and the seed sown by Comte produces such different fruit as Littré and Mill. The Socratic schools—almost pleonastically called "imperfect"—are even more typical than any of these. Megarians, Cynics, and Cyrenaics each took their note from Socrates, and yet their deductions are not only incompatible, but positively hostile. The Megarians, it is true, are almost wholly metaphysical, and so their interest is narrower; but the other two, though their starting-point is metaphysical also, are the conspicuous representatives of two opposite views of morality and life. What in Plato became the wholly transcendental "idea of good" with the Cynics and Cyrenaics took the form of the good conceived as a whole, as one, free from disturbance from within or from without. The result was the setting up of complete independence as the ideal of human life. Man's aim must be to guard himself against the shocks of chance—either, as Antisthenes said, by sheltering himself behind a wall of virtue, by contempt of all distractions, whether momentary pleasure or other men's opinion; or, as Aristippus said, by shutting his eyes to the past and the future, except so far as they teach him to enjoy the present. The forms that the theories took were characteristic

of the times. Already the social and political fabric of Greece was tottering, and in the search for peace men's minds were turned inwards upon themselves. But though the forms are unique, the theories are only the expression of an issue that has divided the world ever since thought began. Before Antisthenes and Aristippus took it up in Greece, the question of asceticism, or a life where each moment is in itself an end, had been raised, with vast results, in India and in Judæa. It reappears with the Stoics and Epicureans, with the monasticism of the middle ages, with Spinoza and Bruno. In our own day each side has still its enthusiastic partisans—Swinburne and Gautier on the one hand, Puritanism and Catholicism on the other.

#### THE PROTESTANT POET.\*

THE modern Anglican revival has done at least one good service to the country, which men of all parties, High, Broad, and Low, must thankfully acknowledge. It has occasioned the production of one of the most remarkable literary phenomena of the day—Tupper's *Rock Protestant Ballads*. Whatever may be the issue of the great struggle now going on between "Protestants" and "Anglicans," the world at large must be a gainer. A crisis which has summoned the Protestant Achilles from his retirement behind the counter in St. George's Place, and which has awakened the lyre of the great Surrey Rhapsodist, is a blessing to the nation, however it may be determined. Though, indeed, it would be absurd to feel any doubt as to the result of the contest. When a cause has been espoused by such advocates as Westerton and Tupper the issue is certain. Such champions are a mighty host in themselves. Tupper, with courage, is a thousand men; and as the poet, imitating and adorning a well-known apophthegm, tells us, the Lord of Sabaoth has ordained that the many shall conquer the few.

The history of these remarkable ballads is given us in a short preface, which tells the tale of their origin in simple well-chosen words, so characteristic of the known modesty of the great poet, that the reader will do well to study it as a model. It tells us that all the twenty-one ballads in this volume are new (what fertility!) except a few stanzas of the first, which "were published in the *Daily News* about 1853 under my then frequent signature T." Thus an interesting literary secret, guessed no doubt already by the curious, is revealed to us. T stands for Tupper, frequently, in the *Daily News* and elsewhere. But indeed the Tupperian genius would shine through a less transparent disguise than that. The preface adds that "the remainder twenty have been written as a voluntary contribution expressly for the *Rock* newspaper," and that they have "already been ventilated by some 40,000 each in the *Rock* aforesaid. They were composed, and are issued, under the conscientious impression that, at this crisis of our Church and Faith, every Protestant is bound to do his best on behalf of God and his country." Modern times have not witnessed a grander spectacle than this. A distinguished writer, a prime favourite with the Anglo-Saxon public on both sides of the Atlantic, a leader of that class of literary plutocrats whom a female orator has recently denominated "guinea-a-liners," and whose pen might be profitably employed in manufacturing autographs, or facsimiles of his "frequent signature T," for a legion of worshippers, freely gives part of one ballad, and the whole of "the remainder twenty," as a voluntary contribution to God and his country per the *Rock* newspaper. The magnificent liberality with which Westerton and Tupper give themselves to spend and be spent in behalf of the Protestant cause, obviously hoping for nothing in return, affords a bright example in a generally sordid age.

Such deeds would of themselves be sufficient to excite emulation and enthusiasm, even if the position of affairs were less intrinsically interesting than it is. A terrific combat is impending, and the situation is most critical. On one side are ranged the awful Apocalyptic Beast—of whom we learn much more from these ballads than ever we did from the book of Revelation—the Scarlet Woman, Antichrist, the Dean of Arches, and other mysterious monsters of different or of doubtful sex. On the other stands a vast host, of which Lord Shaftesbury and Whalley M.P. appear to be leaders of secondary rank; but in the front of which parade the wary Westerton and the trumpet-tongued Tupper. While Westerton brandishes his threatening legal lance, Tupper stirs up the courage of the host, and displays his own in immortal verse:—

It is time to be stirring and helping the right,  
By bearing my Protestant part in the fight;  
It is time to do all that an Englishman can,  
By honestly taking my part like a man!  
No slinking from resolute principles now,  
I'll openly bear the true badge on my brow;  
No shirking from duties with feeble excuse,  
I'll dare them, in spite of contempt and abuse!

Then, turning to the Evangelical clergy in the ranks behind him, he cries—

We stand up straight with you  
O clergymen of England,  
The faithful found and true!  
And though false priests and bishops too  
Trouble us sore and long,  
Now, as of yore, from shore to shore,  
We both will stand up strong,

\* *Twenty-one Protestant Ballads*, published in "The Rock." By Martin F. Tupper, D.C.L. F.R.S., &c. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

**Clergy and lay for England,**  
That England take no wrong,  
Yes, free and generous England,  
Thy children, clerk and lay,  
Together stand, a brother band,  
For ever, and a day!

Can we wonder that an excellent spirit pervades the Protestant ranks when they see their champion Tupper bearing it so bravely, standing up straight and strong, striding like a Colossus from shore to shore, and boasting that he will defend them for something more than eternity? And then with what scathing satire he assaults one of his antagonists:—

O shame on that Judge! for his quibbles of law,  
Dissecting a hair, and dividing a straw,  
And forcing our plain Common Prayer Book to speak:  
Exactly what Papists and Jesuits seek:

Lit candles at noonday! fit symbol, forsooth,  
Of the glory of Christ and the radiance of truth;  
Mixed chalice? O no!—Mixed chalice? O yes!—  
If done in the vestry—(where lay folk confess!)

After that we feel there is an end of the Judge. Is it at all probable that he can continue to occupy the legal bench with any advantage to himself or the country? But he is not the only victim. This is how the neutral or timid occupants of another bench are lashed:—

Ye Bishops! in dignified greatness  
Laying hands on more Bishops, forsooth!  
So careful by lordly sedateness  
To compromise nothing but Truth—  
We look to your bench for some vigour,  
Some strength in this Protestant strait;  
But lo! what a pitiful figure  
You cut both in Church and in State!

The reader will remark with what tremendous effect Tupper, like the member for South Lancashire, uses the archaic word *forsooth* to point the sting of an indignant satire. There is a certain resemblance among all great masters, and their mannerisms are always worthy of notice. Meantime some of the Bishops will probably hang themselves.

Such strains as these would command the admiration of all good Protestants, even if the ballads did not display a profound theological and historical learning. But, in fact, almost every page abounds with startling proofs of such learning. The foundation of the Tupperian theology is similar to that of the Protegorean philosophy. It rests on the axiom, "Tupper the standard of everything." Or, in the words of the inspired founder:—

No chain of fathers need we, to endorse what Jesus saith,  
No councils want we to define our Bible-built faith;  
Authority is sought with us except on Scripture strength,  
And every doctrine must be tried by simple texts at length.

Or, again:—

Thus we that are laymen, and fallible each,  
But jealous for truths that infallibles teach—  
Resolve, as enjoined by our Master and Lord,  
To judge what we hear by the weight of His Word.

This is indeed a tableau. Tupper, set on the throne of plenary private judgment, weighs the word of the Lord. Unfortunately he has not told us what is his system of ponderation.

Starting from this unassailable position, the Tupperian theology develops itself with beautiful symmetry and logical precision:—

Then, as to succession? Apostles were men  
Who taught by the tongue in past ages;  
But now we can teach by the press and the pen,  
And in chief by the Book and its pages.

And, again, in the ballad addressed "To Some Incumbents":—

We stand not on ranks; the true servant of Christ,  
With orders from heaven far more than of earth,  
Is higher in calling than prelate or priest,  
Though deacon—or lay—by his heavenly birth.  
But we take outer orders and forms and degrees,  
As governments, helps, and convenience of men,  
Which God will ignore, if His sovereignty please,  
And pour his free grace through the press and the pen.

The conclusion is irresistible. In virtue of his plenary private judgment, Tupper, like Melchisedec, is a priest for ever. He has "orders from heaven," not the "outer," but the inner orders; and his pen and the *Rock* newspaper are the visible channels of grace. How admirably he can apply the text of the Bible may be seen in the fourteenth and twenty-first ballads. Nor is he less powerful in the region of higher exegesis. Take, as a specimen, the flood of light he pours on the mysterious Beast. In the third ballad we find:—

That Beast with those two Lamb-like horns to guard his dragon tongue,  
Working his wonders and deceits the world of men among,  
Whom we eschew, and will not bear his mark on heart or hand,  
The blain of unbelief, or the Scarlet Woman's brand.

And in the eighth ballad he says of the martyrs—

They witness the peril which lurks in each priest,  
If his craft were a pestilence over the land,  
And bid us beware of the mark of the Beast,  
And wipe it away from the forehead and hand!

And notably, in the twentieth ballad, he tells us that Britain:

Vows she will not stand it,  
To see the parish priest  
A semi-papal bandit  
Of the Babylonish Beast!

Shall that Italian Ferret  
Usurp this Lion-throne  
Which Protestants inherit  
Through their pure faith alone?  
Shall Popery and its vermin  
(As bad old times have seen)  
Again infest the ermine  
Of England and her Queen?

This last is rather an unsavoury idea. But in critical seasons it is no use mincing matters, and we feel gratitude to those who suffer from no mawkish squeamishness, but dare to call a spade a spade. And what a store of information we here have respecting what may be called the natural history of the Beast! First, we learn that the final cause of his lamb-like horns is to guard his dragon tongue. That is not the common object of horns; but then the Beast is not a common beast. According to Tupper, it is an animal of the genus *Mustela*, indigenous to Italy, and apparently akin to Aristotle's "Libyan Weasel." This will surprise those who have been used to suppose the Beast to be a large one. Next we learn that the celebrated Mark of the Beast may be impressed on the heart and hand, as well as on the forehead; and that it is of the nature of a *blain*. Moreover this blain, when once engendered on the hand or forehead, can be wiped away. This is contrary to the received pathology of blains; but then we must not judge of the Beast's blain by what we know of other blains. And besides—*ipse dixit*. Tupper has written it. Whether the Beast inflicts the blain immediately, or through the instrumentality of "the vermin" which accompany him, we are not told.

Lastly, we learn that the object of the Beast is to occupy a certain throne. This throne appears to belong *de jure*, by inheritance, to all Protestants, but *de facto* to the Queen, who wears the once infested, but now clean, ermine. And in some other occult sense it seems also to be the throne of the Lion who guards the British Oak. Probably, as the throne is evidently capacious, since all Protestants have a right to sit on it, the Queen and the Lion occupy it jointly.

Equally profound and original are Tupper's archaeological *aperçus*. We have, in these ballads, at least three important historical announcements. The first is that made in the tenth, and repeated in the twentieth ballad, that the Wars of the Roses were a contest between Protestants on the one hand, fighting for the Crown and Creed of their fathers, and traitors to that pure faith on the other:—

As in days long ago of the red rose or white,  
With conscience and duty together we'll stand,  
For the Crown and the Creed of our fathers to fight,  
And rescue from traitors this Protestant land!

The second historical *éclaircissement* is that contained in the twelfth ballad, where we are informed what is the origin of the term "Protestant," and are told that it is

A name  
Which the Papist in his madness  
Wrung from martyrdom aflame!

The term being, it seems, occasioned by the protests which the tortured martyrs made against being so cruelly treated. This is novel, but convincing. But the greatest and most interesting of Mr. Tupper's discoveries is that of the origin of the title *Fid. Def.*, borne by our sovereigns, and used as a legend on our coinage. According to Tupper, this title was bestowed by Englishmen on their kings to mark the intensity of their Protestant faith. For in the fifteenth ballad we find:—

And chiefly the throne is sworn to withstand  
Papistical lies in this Protestant land;  
For the title that Englishmen gave to their kings  
From Protestant Faith in intensity springs.

We venture to say that there are very few persons, even among the Protestant ranks, who will not be surprised to hear that the Yorkists and Lancastrians fought in defence and attack of Protestantism; that the name "Protestant" originated in the agonizing protests wrung from the martyrs burnt at Smithfield; and that the title "Defender of the Faith" was given by Englishmen to their kings to typify the intensity of their Protestantism. It is high time that a new handbook of history were compiled "for the use of Schools and Colleges"; and we hope that Mr. Macmillan, or some other educational publisher, will set about it at once, and will engage Mr. Tupper to revise the sheets.

It has been already remarked that these ballads have an immediate polemical object, and are not designed to be a model of high art, an elaborate and enduring work, "a treasure for all time," like the *Proverbial Philosophy*. Yet we need not tell Tupper's admirers that they sparkle with artistic beauties, and that any criticism which did not call the reader's attention to a few of these beauties would be most inadequate. He ought not, for example, to fail to notice the frequent use of that mystic obscurity which is so interesting a feature of the best modern poetry, as in the following extract:—

Our Sacraments—all superstition apart,  
And waiving their exaggeration—  
We honour them both.

Tupper, waiving the exaggeration of the Sacraments, while he honours them, is an obscure but delicious conception. Equally obscure, but equally exquisite, is the following picture, in which

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the critical reader will remark the liberal use of the Sophoclean *catarchesis* :—

They strive by these drag-lines to pull the ship back,  
But we break away—Forward ho!—on the track—  
No mid-channel towings to hamper it thus,  
But the Fair-Haven gale of the Gospel for us!

But perhaps the most charming instance of felicitous obscurity is this:—

We trust not in men; whether fathers, or sons—  
They are fallible all in a council, or out;  
But the Church, not of earthly, but heavenly, ones,  
Is built of all Churches within, and without.

This description of the Church of heavenly men, built within and without of all Churches, is one which defies criticism.

As one would expect from a poet living in one of the loveliest spots in England, Tupper has a keen appreciation of nature, and makes a telling use of similes and analogies drawn from rural life. Only to a great rural poet would it occur to call the horns of the cattle, ranged in Smithfield market, "horns of plenty"; or to liken certain parts of the Prayer-Book to

burrs on the hand,

Which sow Popish weeds on this Protestant land;

or to speak of shadows as "coming in the night medieval." The ordinary reader perhaps fancies that shadows come in the day, and not in the night. But it is clear that the poet supposes a medieval moon to be shining, as he must often have seen the harvest moon at Albury throwing shadows of a peculiarly ghostly appearance. This conception of the Dark Ages as Moonlight or Owlsight Ages is new, and very choice.

But by far the finest image borrowed, here or elsewhere, by Tupper from country life is contained in the magnificent passage in which the poet compares the artifices and allurements of Popery to a peculiar sort of birdlime which stuns as it sticks:—

All strong concentrations of power and of plan,  
With spies, and unscrupulous tricks,  
To trap, or to snare, or inveigle the man  
In a birdlime that stuns as it sticks:  
Ay, stuns as it sticks! for your birdlime is made  
Of mistletoe, holly, and yew,  
And priestcraft, in Popery's poisonous shade,  
Entraps, as the gamekeepers do.

The poet has evidently come upon gamekeepers in the Albury preserves using a very extraordinary kind of birdlime, and has been favoured by them with the recipe for making it. The composition appears to have at least four remarkable properties. It stuns, it sticks, it poisons, and it entraps. If the soul of a poet could condescend to commercial considerations, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Tupper might make a considerable sum of money by purchasing the secret of this marvellous composition from the Albury gamekeepers, and taking out a patent for its manufacture. Not Harper Twelvetre's famous bug-destroyer would be more celebrated than Martin Tupper's birdlime.

#### KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.\*

(Concluding Notice.)

MR. KINGLAKE'S fourth volume opens with a description of the state of matters on the morning after the first day's bombardment. The night had enabled General Todleben to repair the damage wrought to his defences by the besieger's cannon on the 17th of October, to re-arm his works, and to remount his dismantled guns. On the following day, the 18th, the English cannonade was continued, but the French batteries remained silent. They required the day for the repair of the injuries which they had suffered on the 17th. The British artillery reduced the guns of the Redan to silence, but no assault could be made, for the French were not prepared at the same time to storm the Flagstaff Bastion. On the 19th at daybreak the French batteries again opened fire in concert with the British, but again magazines exploded in the French trenches, and before noon the British guns alone sustained the bombardment. The French batteries were, however, soon repaired, and a continuous bombardment was thenceforward kept up from the allied works until the evening of the 25th of October.

Already, on the 18th of October, some detachments of the Russian field army had appeared so threatening in the neighbourhood of Tchorgoun that Lord Raglan left the front in order to observe their movements. These detachments were under the orders of General Liprandi, to whom Prince Mentschikoff had intrusted the command of a force of all arms. It was not till some days later, however, that Liprandi caused any serious annoyance to the allies. The port of Balaklava, from which the British army drew its supplies, was beyond the hills on which the allied camps were posted. It was, in fact, exterior to the allied position. To secure its safety from the attack of the enemy was a matter of vital importance. With this object an inner line of defence was constructed on the land side of Balaklava. This line was manned by 1,200 Marines and by two companies of the 93rd Highlanders. From Balaklava a gorge led through the hills to where the allied camps were pitched on the plateau. Up this gorge the road by which the British communications were maintained passed. North of the inner line of defence lay the

plain of Balaklava. It was divided into the southern and northern valleys by a chain of low heights, along which the Woronzoff road ran from east to west. These heights were hence termed the Causeway heights. On them some redoubts were constructed, which, garrisoned by Turks, formed the outer line of defence for Balaklava. The gorge leading to the high land was defended by the main body of the 93rd Highlanders and a battalion of Turks, with a field battery. The British cavalry were encamped in the southern valley. It consisted of one division under Lord Lucan, which was formed of two brigades. The heavy brigade was commanded by Sir James Scarlett, the light by Lord Cardigan.

On the 24th of October a spy brought in intelligence that a Russian force of about 25,000 men was to advance against the plain of Balaklava on the following day. On the early morning of the 25th the preconcerted signal was observed on one of the redoubts on the opposite heights, and it was soon ascertained that General Liprandi was advancing against these works in three columns, supported by a large force of cavalry and artillery. Two of the Russian columns soon stormed the easternmost redoubts, which had been previously subjected to a heavy cannonade. The remaining redoubts were then evacuated by their Turkish garrisons, and the outer line of defence of Balaklava was for all practical purposes in the hands of the Russians. The British cavalry then took up a position at the foot of the hills rising to the plateau. It faced to the east. Lord Raglan determined to move down two divisions of infantry from the heights to the plain, and sent orders with that object. General Caurobert also ordered down to the foot of the heights two brigades of infantry and two regiments of cavalry, under General d'Altonville.

General Liprandi soon concentrated about 25,000 men, with 78 guns, on the Causeway heights, and in their rear. A long time must necessarily have elapsed before the arrival of the allied reinforcements. The only force which Sir Colin Campbell had for the present to oppose to an attack by Liprandi against the gorge of Balaklava, consisted of four hundred men of the 93rd Highlanders, one hundred invalids, who were preparing for embarkation at Balaklava, and a single battery of field-guns. Liprandi did not seize the opportunity to attack the gorge of Balaklava with a strong force of all arms. His cavalry, however, advanced, and while the main body pushed up the northern valley, four detached squadrons made straight towards the position where Sir Colin Campbell's Highlanders, flanked by a few Guardsmen and two battalions of Turks, were posted near the village of Kadikoi. The British troops, in order to be sheltered from the enemy's fire, were concealed behind a hillock, but as the Russian horsemen approached, the British sprang to the summit and opened fire. The Turks did not face the danger, but broke and fled. The Russian cavalry did not charge home. Apparently fearful of an ambuscade, they bore away, and after an attempt to turn Campbell's right, which was thwarted by the change of position of a single company of the Highlanders, they retired to their own lines. This is the true account of an affair which has often been quoted as an instance of how infantry in line can oppose the attack of cavalry. It is, however, no proof, for the Russian cavalry stopped short without, we believe, losing a man. The horsemen were checked by moral, not by physical, means. In the meantime Lord Raglan had noticed the wavering of the Turkish battalions which flanked the Highlanders, and had sent orders for General Scarlett to support them with eight squadrons. Scarlett left his position which had faced towards the east, and was moving in open column of troops with the Greys, the Inniskillings, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, to take up a position near Kadikoi, facing to the north, when he became aware that the heavy mass of Russian cavalry had crowded the Causeway heights and was threatening his left flank. As soon as possible he formed line to his left, and charged the columned mass of Russian cavalry which had advanced down the slope of the Causeway heights into the southern valley, but had come to a halt and awaited the onset standing still. Mr. Kinglake, in his account of the actual conflict between Scarlett's heavy dragoons and the Russian cavalry, draws comparisons between the ways in which the Greys and Inniskillings closed in the fight, as if these regiments were the representatives of different nationalities. The fact is, however, that at the time of the Crimean war both regiments were recruited from exactly similar sources, and there were probably as many Irishmen in the Greys as in the Inniskillings. It appears to us that Mr. Kinglake's account aims at too great minuteness. Those who have experienced war know that it is impossible to describe accurately every detail of a cavalry charge or a combat of horsemen, and to illustrate its successive incidents by mathematical plans.

The charge of the Greys and Inniskillings, supported by the 4th Dragoon Guards, 5th Dragoon Guards, and the Royals, broke the Russian cavalry, and caused it to retire. Unfortunately, the whole of the squadrons of the heavy brigade had been exhausted in the combat, and no fresh British squadrons remained with which to pursue. The light brigade, which stood opposite to the flank of the Russian cavalry during the action, did not charge because its leader understood that his orders were to defend the ground on which he was posted, and not to quit it. The success of Scarlett's dragoons caused General Liprandi to withdraw his cavalry. The northern valley was unoccupied by Russian troops. These stood on either side, on the Causeway heights, and on the hills to the north of the valley, but the valley itself was clear except where at the furthest end a field battery was unlimbered, and was supported by the cavalry which was formed near

\* *The Invasion of the Crimea; its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By Alexander William Kinglake. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

the Tchernaya. It was in this valley that occurred the famous light cavalry charge. In entering upon Mr. Kinglake's description of this charge we are tempted to tread cautiously, for we know that it is a field prolific of controversy. But Mr. Kinglake seems to have taken a very fair view of all its incidents, and to have arrived at sound conclusions. He divides, with a fair and impartial hand, the blame which ought to be attached to each individual who was responsible for what, however great its gallantry, must always be regarded as a most gigantic error. There can be no doubt that Lord Raglan intended the light cavalry, supported by the heavy brigade, to advance against the Russians on the Causeway heights, and to attempt to recapture the Redoubts. This task would not have been a difficult one, for Liprandi was already drawing off his troops from the Causeway heights, and two divisions of British infantry were hurrying up to support the movement. From an error attributable to various causes, the light cavalry brigade, instead of advancing against the heights, charged down the northern valley against the field battery at its further extremity. Exposed to a murderous fire on either flank, and ploughed through by the guns in their front, the troopers of the light brigade, led by Lord Cardigan, rode on, silenced the battery, and caused severe havoc among the Russian cavalry in its rear. The light brigade suffered enormous loss, and would have suffered more had not General d'Allonville cleared the Russians off the Fedionkine hills which fringed the valley on the north. By this means the men of the light cavalry in returning were only under fire on one flank. Still they incurred heavy loss. Nevertheless the Russians retreated, the battle of Balaklava was won, and the post remained secure to the British.

With the conclusion of the battle of Balaklava, Mr. Kinglake closes the last of his volumes which has thus far appeared. His History is as yet by no means complete, as it is to be carried on till the death of Lord Raglan, which did not take place till the following summer. We shall look with great interest for the next instalment of this important work, and we trust that it will appear after the lapse of a much shorter interval than that which has separated the volumes now published from their predecessors.

#### TONIC BITTERS.\*

A CERTAIN well-known philosopher in a fiction whose authority is not much esteemed in religious circles maintained, with admirable perseverance, that everything happens for the best in this best of all possible worlds. We may perhaps shortly sum up the purpose of *Tonic Bitters* by saying that it is written in support of this thesis, or rather in support of the same doctrine translated into theological terms. The author's view of life is put forcibly by one of the characters at the end of the book. "I," he says, "am like this mule." He set out in the morning with fine ideas of being merciful to his beast. After a time the beast tried to kick him off. Then he gave the beast a sound thrashing, and made him manageable for the rest of the day. Which things are an allegory. The hero began his career with the impression that life was to go upon velvet, and got into all kinds of messes in consequence. Then he "became restive, and so the rod fell, and I got blow after blow till I had learnt that there was a Hand over me against which it was vain to struggle, and which was ruling me for my good." In short, Providence is throughout the story regarded as a driver of very stubborn animals, and as by no means adopting towards them the line of conduct recommended in the nursery rhyme to the owners of refractory donkeys. Every evil which happens to a man is a punishment for his perversity, and may therefore be regarded as a blessing in disguise. With this theory we can here have nothing to do, except as it indirectly affects the merits of the story. Novels with a purpose are apt to be very dull; but we shall not condemn them simply on the ground that they have a purpose, unless they pursue it to the detriment of their artistic value. We would endeavour to consider *Tonic Bitters* precisely as if it had been a French novel intended to prove that everything is wrong in the world and that Providence is a vain figment, and to report upon its literary merits apart from its theological purpose. Unluckily, the purpose of *Tonic Bitters* is so strongly marked that we cannot well separate the story from the moral.

It appears indeed at once that the design of the novel is profoundly affected by its moral, as a short sketch of the plot will make evident. There are two sisters, called Jessie and Effie. Jessie is a thoughtless beauty; Effie is comparatively plain, but with a much greater share of brains, and an unpleasantly strong sense of her own wisdom and virtue. They have been brought up with a pair of brothers, not in any way related to them, called for endearment Hay and Gay. Hay is intensely respectable, self-righteous, and obstinate; Gay is thoughtless, engaging, and with better feelings than principles. Now it becomes obvious at once that the thoughtless Jessie is to marry the respectable Hay, and the thoughtless Gay to marry the virtuous Effie. But Providence has to be set to work to scourge their faults out of them. The self-righteous are to be thoroughly humbled, and the thoughtless to be made serious. We need hardly say that the process is carried out with singular energy; the characters are scourged till they are brought to death's door, and are slowly but relent-

lessly purged of their ingrained faults till they become the most exemplary and insipid of people. Hay begins by marrying Jessie, and the chastisement begins with due energy; Jessie, the thoughtless beauty, will do nothing but read frivolous novels—an amusement, we may remark in passing, which the writers of virtuous novels always regard with peculiar antipathy. We could find it in our hearts to pardon poor Jessie for preferring even *Lady Audley's Secret* to novels of the *Tonic Bitters* stamp; but it must be admitted that she goes too far when she entirely neglects her children and her household. Effie, the virtuous sister, is left to attend to all domestic matters, and, as a natural consequence, even Jessie's children begin to prefer their aunt, and poor Hay gradually discovers that he has married a pretty fool, who leaves all her duties to be discharged by his sister-in-law. The quarrels at last rise to such a height that Jessie, neglected by her husband, becomes jealous of the notable Effie, and finally runs away, deserting both husband and children. Poor Jessie has thus got a pretty severe punishment for her frivolities. She soon repents, and begs her husband to take her back, but he has worked himself up to such a pitch of virtuous indignation that for four years he refuses to be under the same roof with her; all the efforts of sympathizing friends and eloquent clergymen are thrown away upon his obstinate self-will. The fact is that Hay "neither believed in a Personal God nor in a future life," and a good missionary says that "when a man has not much belief in anything all his natural good qualities become so exaggerated that they cease to be good." Hay's virtue thus becomes offensive and tyrannical self-righteousness. He evidently ought to be scourged.

Meanwhile, the virtuous Effie has her own troubles. Gay, the thoughtless, has become engaged to her. But, in his frivolity, he takes to flirting with another young lady; and Effie, rather too sternly, casts him off, and declares that she will never have anything to do with him. Not only so, but the virtuous unbeliever, Hay, declares that his brother shall never again enter his house; and things are thus brought to a very pretty pass. The two brothers have hopelessly quarrelled, the two sisters have parted on very awkward terms; and Effie, feeling that it will not do to live with her brother-in-law when her sister has become jealous, goes off to be a governess. Hay lives alone with his children; his wife lives somewhere else with a disreputable lady; Effie is with a family in Scotland; and Gay, according to the established precedents of novels, plunges into a vortex of dissipation, and gets into a sponging-house in London. The four members of an affectionate family are thus dispersed in four different places with desperate quarrels, and suffer severely for their frivolity or their Pharisaical excess of virtue. The problem of bringing them all together again, after a sufficient quantity of scourging, is apparently very hopeless. However it is managed with exemplary neatness, as follows. Gay meets with a missionary in his disreputable wanderings, and is so much impressed by his preachings that he resolves to go to Borneo to convert the Dyaks. He begins, however, by taking leave of Effie, for whom he still has a hopeless affection, and who has returned from Scotland. Just as they part, by the side of a pond, he erroneously fancies that a man is being drowned under the ice. He plunges in, and is seized in consequence with a most singular disease. He has a severe stroke of paralysis, which, we are told, is infectious. In spite, however, of the danger of infection, he is taken to his brother's house to be treated. All the doctors declare that he is dying. Hereupon his brother is so deeply affected that he makes it up with him. Then his brother's wife, who has been hanging about in an uncomfortable way, makes it up with her husband in his softened condition. Finally, the virtuous Effie is so overcome by Gay's heroism and by various good deeds of his which come to light, and is further so much encouraged by the fact that his life is despaired of, that she confesses to loving him still. All enmities being thus effectually quenched, Gay recovers in spite of the physicians, throws off his paralysis, which has providentially infected nobody, marries Effie, and lives very happily ever afterwards as a remarkably powerful and healthy clergyman. The two couples being thus happily reunited, they draw the proper moral from the various scourgings which they have received, and become for the rest of their days models of admirable behaviour in married life. The infidel Hay is so thoroughly converted from his reckless opinions that he inscribes two appropriate texts upon the grave of one of his children; and Gay is so excellent a clergyman that he has a number of diseased and poverty-stricken parishioners to dine with him every Sunday. Indeed the healthy influence of affliction is so remarkable that the most disreputable person in the book, a lady who has lived with several other men during the lifetime of her husband, is converted by falling into distress, and provided with a second excellent husband at the end of the book.

We might, of course, make the obvious remark that people who are wicked enough to disbelieve in a beneficent Providence will hardly be converted because a novelist invents a set of fictitious circumstances in which the working of Providence is distinctly manifest. But, avoiding any such discussion, we may at least say that the fact that a novel has to be written to establish the doctrine proves, what no one will be anxious to deny, that it is difficult to trace providential designs so distinctly in real life. It is a primary religious truth that bad conduct does not always receive an appropriate punishment in this world, and that our field of vision is too narrow to enable us to say what good purpose is served by many calamities. And the consequence is that, even in a pure fiction, it is very difficult to arrange the story so as to point the moral satisfactorily. Even when the author is absolute

\* *Tonic Bitters*. By Legh Knight. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1868.

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\* Summer  
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master of events, he cannot with any regard for probability fit every criminal with his appropriate punishment. Thus, in *Tonic Bitters*, the most offensive character is the over-virtuous Hay. He is an obstinate, unforgiving, and conceited brute, who always will have his own way. He treats his wife with unrelenting harshness, and refuses even to speak to his brother, because he suspects him of jilting a young lady. If any one is to have a touch of the rod, he ought to have the most crushing blows. Yet, according to the story, he has everything his own way. He lives in a comfortable house, surrounded by affectionate children, and prospers steadily in his profession. His wife is absent for a long time, but she ultimately begs his pardon, and comes back to him as penitent. His brother gets into terrible straits on leaving him, and returns finally, like the prodigal son, with an infectious paralysis. It is true that one of his children dies, and that he is forcibly converted at the end of the book; but, on the whole, he is as prosperous and happy as a man can be whose nearest connexions go wrong; and all the blows fall upon the backs of the poor, sensitive, amiable people who at the worst are far less repulsive than himself. Perhaps the inconsistency is, in one sense, a happy one; in real life these stubborn self-righteous people are very apt to have their own way, and to get more than their share of the good things of the present, whatever may be their future destiny. There is nothing for temporal success like dogged respectability and slow determination to have your own way. But in proportion as the story is true to life, it contradicts the obvious moral of the book. The people whom we are taught to admire are heavily punished, and only come right in the end by a startling *tour de force*. The one whom we detest flourishes like a green bay-tree, and his career would rather add to the perplexity suggested by the Psalmist than tend to clear it up.

If we criticize the book from the author's point of view, we should therefore have to condemn it because it fails to enforce her moral (for we presume that Legh Knight is a feminine name). Considered simply as a story, it is perhaps rather above than below the average, though trammelled by the necessity of illustrating a set theory. There is a good deal of humour, except where intentionally humorous characters are introduced after the clumsy fashion of most English novelists, and there is some liveliness of perception. Elsie and her lover are both well described, except that the lover is too much after the feminine ideal. If, in her next novel, the author will steer clear of any elaborate moral, we fancy that she might do much better; for the moral, however good in itself, is constantly tripping up the natural development of the story.

#### SUMMER AND WINTER IN NORWAY.\*

THIS is a work which in the nomenclature of the circulating library would be described as a book of travel, but to which so grandiose a phrase would be really inapplicable. It is simply the corollary of a tour in Norway and a residence at Christiania during the winter months of last year. Every English young lady on her Continental rambles may be said to carry a post octavo in her travelling bag, just as every French soldier is said to carry a marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack. The reason that it does not in every case attain to the light of day is probably that it occurs to some of the fair journalists, on reflection, either that the interest is too personal, or the incidents too trivial, or the scenery too well known and too often described to warrant them in publication. Theoretically Lady Di Beauclerk would seem, from her modest preface, to share this view. She does not "for a moment imagine that her little book will interest the general public." Her object in giving to the world her Norwegian experiences is rather social and philanthropic than literary. Her hope is that there may be some of her many acquaintances who may be tempted by these extracts from her journal to make a similar excursion; and this is a hope which we cordially echo, provided that they carry abroad with them the same spirit of appreciation, and the same disposition to be pleased with foreign life and people, which characterize their fair precursor. Nor is it these traveller's qualifications alone which this volume exhibits. It is singularly free from the faults which disfigure many more ambitious works of the same kind. Within the limits of an equally slight work it is, for instance, quite possible for an author to be tedious. Slightness is no more a guarantee against tediousness than brevity was in the case of the famous "short but tedious" sermon which Mr. Canning heard at Windsor. Then, too, it is quite possible, and unhappily only too common, for English travellers to display their insular prejudices, to measure all they see and hear by English standards, and to paint in black colours all that is opposed to them. Of this querulous and illiberal temper there is no trace in these pages. Another characteristic defect in English books of travel is a tendency to obtrude religious sympathies and prepossessions. Lady Di Beauclerk has too much good sense to give way to any bias of this kind; unlike, in this respect, to a noble sister authoress, who appears to dissolve annually in a gush of panegyric on every land which has the good taste to acknowledge the Papal Supremacy. If we except a slight disposition to belief, on Biblical grounds, in the existence of the sea-serpent, her theological prepossessions are very properly kept in the background. But the principal charm of this book consists in its perfect simplicity and unpretentiousness. It leaves a pleasant impression, not only of the

scenery and people described in it, but of the young lady who describes them.

Foreign travel is so important an instrument of culture, and women have such peculiar gifts for turning it to account, that where it is within reach it ought to figure prominently in any scheme of female education. Merely as a change from the ordinary routine of life and visits to country-houses—visits which resolve themselves into unlimited gossip and flirtation—it is a practice deserving of every encouragement. It is satisfactory to find this view supported by an influential example, and to learn from Lady Di Beauclerk that it was some such motive which determined her visit to foreign parts:—

After due consideration [she says], my mother, always anxious for my happiness and comfort, came to the conclusion that a change from the ordinary routine of our life, such as visits to country-houses, trips to Scotland, and such-like pleasant doings, might be made with advantage by our striking out a new route for ourselves, and thus came about my trip to Norway.

Accordingly, one evening in last July, "when the season was drawing to a close," and that exhaustion which appears to tell upon everything within the range of London life in that month had become self-evident, "my mother, myself, and our maid Teresina" embarked at Wapping on board the *North Star*, bound for Christiania. The first point on the Norwegian coast at which the steamer touched was Christiansand. The change from the discomfort of a sea-voyage is always delightful, and Lady Di Beauclerk observes, with much naturalness, that "our first breakfast at the hotel was perfectly delicious, and quite different from any I had seen before." Fish, flesh, and fowl were provided in profusion, above all fresh lobsters and ice in abundance, and the gardens were full of flowers and moss-roses in great luxuriance. At Christiania the party took their first lesson in cariole-driving. One of the conditions of this form of locomotion is that luggage must be reduced to a minimum. A small box to fit the cariole, and a fat carpet-bag, were allotted to each of the travellers, and these, with a fishing-bag and "an umbrella worthy of Mrs. Gamp," completed their outfit. Thus equipped, they made their start from the capital. The first stage, however, was by train. Norwegian railways may not be very quick, but they have the counterbalancing advantage of great comfort. There were ample supplies of iced water in each carriage, and silver cups to drink out of. At every station baskets of fresh wild strawberries were offered by the children. "We are so used in England to rough treatment at railway stations," observes our authoress with some asperity, "that the comfort and attention here surprised us." We commend to the notice of railway directors her picture of the unprotected female at the English terminus, "doing battle for a seat, and being tumbled out at the journey's end like a bale of goods, and, but for bribery, never regaining her luggage."

There are two subjects of anxiety to the traveller in Norway—horses and food. Both are liable to become articles of considerable scarcity. At the second station from Lillehammer, where the journey by road began, the carioles were brought to a standstill. "The travellers who had preceded us had carried off all the horses." Moreover, they had left behind them very little to eat. The provisions, except dairy produce, were exhausted. Luckily the party, while at Christiania, had laid in a small stock of portable soup, tongues, biscuits, and tea; and their first day's experience of Norwegian inns amply proved the wisdom of the precaution. With the country, Lady Di Beauclerk was "charmed." At Toftemoen, where they made a temporary halt, a profusion of wild flowers perfumed the air, and made the fields look like a garden. Strawberries and large sweet roses were in every direction. The cows are beautiful little creatures, the pigs unique in their ugliness, and the sheep small, like those in the Isle of Man. The day's journey was brought to a close without any casualty more serious than the bolting of the horse driven by the helpful Teresina, who was new to the ribbons, and had vague notions of handling the whip. Of Auk in the valley of Romsdal, where some weeks were passed, our authoress writes in enthusiastic terms. The visitors took up their quarters in a "tiny hotel," a ground-floor bedroom of which did duty as sitting-room, while the sleeping accommodation was of a rough kind, and reachable by ladder only. As a tempting-looking river flowed close at hand, salmon was to be had in abundance. Here Lady Di Beauclerk made her first attempt as a fisherwoman. It was long before her patience was rewarded; but at length "what seemed the happiest moment in her life arrived," as she hooked and landed a trout weighing 3 lbs. Among the persons who came and went, there arrived one day a newly-married French couple, both "tirés à quatre épingles pour la chasse." The lady was armed with a float and gorgeous fly, to match her dress. "Need I add," observes our authoress with pleasant malice, "that they caught no fish." On days when there was no fishing, the English ladies ordered their carioles and drove to the neighbouring farm-houses and villages. The condition of the peasantry is comfortable; a statement somewhat difficult to reconcile with that which immediately follows, in which their food is said to consist of dried fish, and dried meat uncooked. Two hours are devoted to sleep after dinner, "a very necessary provision," remarks our authoress, "considering the unwholesome diet." In this happy valley the time passed so pleasantly and rapidly that it was not until the glories of the Norway summer

\* *Summer and Winter in Norway*. By Lady Di Beauclerk. London: John Murray. 1868.

began to fade, and the mountain tops were powdered with snow, that Lady Di Beauclerk bade farewell to Aak and its simple Arcadian life. The rest of the tour was devoted to Bergen and the magnificent scenery of the fiords along the coast. One great charm in this part of the route consists in the constant variety of scene and manner of travelling. The changes from road to river, river to lake, fiords and almost sea, are so frequent, "that before you arrive at a notion of a situation you are suddenly, as in a transformation scene, changed into something else." You are continually putting your carriage on a steamer, then disembarking, and driving again. The approach of November put an end to this "delightful Bohemian existence," and rendered a return to Christiania necessary. Here our travellers determined to winter. At first the weather was delightfully clear and bright. But by and by the winter set in in good earnest. The following is a good specimen of Lady Di Beauclerk's descriptive powers:—

A change came over the scene—clouds black as ink set in, and our belief in the doubtfulness of a Norwegian winter was destroyed. The precaution of fastening up double windows became very necessary; each day the frost got harder and harder; the English steamers could hardly get out, the merchant vessels of Norway discharged their crews, and the ships were laid up for the winter, and the town settled itself to be frozen in. When the Fjord began to freeze, it became a perfect mass of giant columns of steam curling up from the water, almost rendering the vessels invisible, and as if the sea had been bewitched and turned into a seething mass of scalding water. This continued for a week, when it was pronounced safe; then indeed winter had begun in all its severity. Sledges came in, wheels went out; the life, habits, and customs totally changed. The men and women whom you had seen a week previously dressed hardly different from what Bond Street would witness in December, now packed themselves up, the face unprotected, the ears and head well covered. They knew, probably by experience, what frost-bites are, and so, not to be behindhand, I followed the fashions, and so changed myself with my hood and furs that my own mother would not know me.

Skating and sledging, of course, are the principal winter recreations of Christiania. The Skating Club is what Rotten Row is to London. It has its fashionable hours—from twelve to two o'clock—when the dandies of the town may be seen gracefully cutting figures, or helping the ungraceful and spasmodic attempts of English beginners. In the evening the townsfolk sally out, when work is over, to skate by moon- or torch-light, and when they depart water is poured over the surface, to renew the ice for the next day's sport. But there are other amusements, too, of a more conventional kind, in the shape of balls, dinners, and a theatre. Lady-readers will be interested to know that Lady Di Beauclerk reports well of the French milliners at Christiania, and their proficiency in the art of decorating the female form. Christmas is kept as a high festival by all classes. Indoors a forest of Christmas-trees blossoms into existence, and even the streets are adorned, and the birds treated to a banquet of oats. The gaieties culminate in the carnival week, when the great fair is held and horse-races take place on the ice. An *habitué* of the Turf would probably find the latter pastime unexciting enough, inasmuch as the horses race singly, and against time only, and never break out of a trot. Our authoress notes one good trait in the Norwegian peasant upon these festive occasions. He is pleasant in his cups, and manages to combine tipsiness with politeness. Finally, when the city was getting rather dull "under the depressing influence of spring," the King arrived at Christiania, an event duly celebrated by fresh gaieties and rejoicings. Lady Di Beauclerk thinks it an enviable circumstance in the lot of the King of Norway and his Ministers that the Parliament only meets every three years. She is half inclined to extend the same "blessing" to her native land. "Such a system," she observes, "would possibly work quite as well as the annual row we have in England, and the attempt to change the Government once a year."

We cannot part with this pleasant little book without expressing the hope that in any future record of her foreign experiences our authoress may be induced to touch in greater detail on points which in the present volume are dismissed in a somewhat summary fashion. One does not indeed want a transcription of the guide-book, but even "museums, picture-galleries, and such-like places" deserve more than a passing reference to Murray. In the first place, not one person in ten ever opens the Handbook for Norway unless he is actually about to visit that country, so that in the absence of that special motive one is left quite in the dark, unless enlightened by the tourist's observations; and, in the next, the description of an intelligent eye-witness is always interesting, *valet quantum*. Then, too, we should have been glad to learn from Lady Di Beauclerk rather more about the manners and social characteristics of the people among whom she passed the winter. A ball at Christiania, she tells us, is very much like a ball anywhere else. No doubt this is an induction founded on ample experience; still one would like to be told, even in the case of a ball, whether the dances are identical with our own, whether the function of a chaperon is as rigorously defined, and whether Norwegian partners are in the habit of repeating the same stereotyped inanities to which Belgravian ones are addicted. Upon such a subject as this Lady Di Beauclerk is entitled to speak with great authority. The theatre, again, is mentioned as a constant resource for the winter evenings. One would have been glad to learn something about the character of the pieces acted and the acting; to know, for instance, whether the sensational epidemic which has swept over the Western drama has reached Scandinavia? These are some of the points of interest which might have been elaborated, and about which a ten months' residence would have quali-

fied the writer to speak. But, these omissions notwithstanding, the book remains a lively and readable sketch, commendable alike for its good sense and its good taste.

#### "LE LIVRE DE CUISINE" DONE INTO ENGLISH.\*

IT should be matter of rejoicing to every intelligent housewife that the *Livre de Cuisine* of Jules Gouffé has been translated by his brother Alphonse. The latter has for many years exercised a calling that requires skill and taste, and various other valuable qualities, in the household of Queen Victoria, and a comparison of his English translation with the French original will satisfy those who understand both languages how grammatical and idiomatic is the command of English which he has acquired during his sojourn in this country. It is a great thing in translating to be master alike of the language to be rendered, and of that into which it is to be rendered; but it is not less important that, as far as possible, the translator should be of one mind with his author; and Alphonse Gouffé, as though keenly alive to the duty of nursing his brother's laurels and making them shoot out anew on a foreign soil, has so handled his great work that, while it loses nothing in transmutation, it has, through his nice perception of the needs of English readers, gained much in simplicity, condensation, and general adaptation. The weights and measures, the definitions, the nomenclature, have been sedulously adapted to John Bull's comprehension; and if anything of French phraseology remains, it is just so much as has been so long current in English cookery that the puzzle would be to find the correlative English name for it. And where there is the slightest risk of a technical term being misapprehended, it is so lucidly defined as to defy the chance of a blunder. In domestic cookery, we are told "to braise" is "to cook meat slowly in a closed stewpan adapted to hold live coals on its cover"; "to sauter" is "to fry with a little butter over a brisk fire"; "to turn" is "to cut vegetables or fruit for garnishes into given shapes." In higher class cookery such terms as are untranslatable in a single word are explained with equally lucid conciseness. Thus, "to clouter" is to "insert nail-shaped pieces of tongue or truffle into similarly shaped holes made in poultry, fowls, veal cushions, &c."; "to contiser" represents a kindred operation upon prepared fillets of game, fish, or poultry; and "to work" is applied in its second intention to the action of spoon or hand in stirring a sauce or paste until quite smooth, or of the "spatula" in freezing an ice by vigorous stirring. And this consideration for the novices—in translation as well as in original—is evinced no less in accuracy of definition than in precision as to the quantities to be used, the artist having, to use his own phrase, worked out each recipe with "his eye on the clock and his hand on the scales"; whilst a further important help is furnished in the coloured and woodcut illustrations which put before the eyes of a beginner the dishes, implements, garnishes and so forth, as they should be, and save him from the ridicule often awaiting crude experiments based upon book-learning without a pattern to go by.

In truth the book deserved translation as the work of a great master, instinct with the simplicity of genius and thorough knowledge; and though its plan must be studied to prevent misconception, no more profitable investment of time and head-work could be suggested for those concerned in culinary matters than the patient perusal of a book which, despite its formidable size, simplifies the cook's labour by demolishing quackeries and charlatanism, and reducing the number of recipes commonly found in kindred manuals. In such perusal it will have to be borne in mind that a third of the volume discusses domestic cookery for a limited number; and the other two-thirds high-class cookery without such limitation, although even here M. Gouffé would scout the extravagance that emulates a Lucullus without enhancing genuine gustatory satisfaction. And this combination of plain and professed cookery is a most sensible provision; for, sharply distinguished though the two may be, yet in every family the domestic cookery of every day is sometimes exchanged for an exceptional "spread"; the line is occasionally overstepped in advance as well as in retrogression, and this book's value is that it facilitates either of these moves. We know no better illustration of this speciality than the contrast between "Liaison à l'Allemande" (p. 66) in the first part, and "Sauce Allemande" (311) in the second. The former consists of "flour diluted in water, milk, or broth according to the nature of the dish for which it is required, producing a yellowish white sauce" which, well made and true to quantities, is an easy, effective, economical substitute for Allemande sauce. This is compounded of "half a pint of essence of chicken" (we are afraid to say how much chicken consommé, how many chickens and lbs. of veal that means!) "one gill of essence of mushrooms, and one quart of Velouté sauce" (a rich savoury sauce in which veal predominates over chicken) "reduced over the fire till the sauce coats the spoon, and then thickened with four yolks of egg and half an ounce of butter, and strained through a tannery-cloth into a bain-marie pan." No one will doubt whether the "liaison" or the "sauce" is the more prudent adjunct of an every-day meal; but all launch out on

\* *The Royal Cookery Book*. By Jules Gouffé, Chef de Cuisine of the Paris Jockey Club. Translated from the French, and adapted for English use, by Alphonse Gouffé, Head Pastrycook to Her Majesty. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

occasion; and here M. Gouffé affords the information needful for dining frugally and simply, as well as for taxing digestive powers, and testing the value of that debated maxim, *quod sapit nutrit*. The line of demarcation consists, it would seem, very much in the presence or absence of sauce and essence. In each class of cookery "fricassée of chicken" is a prominent dainty. In the former we are instructed to choose a fresh tender chicken, boil it to a nicety but not overboil it, and to see that the eggs and butter for the "liaison" are of the best. Turn to the second part, and the difference of the fricassée as prepared for the upper ten thousand lies in the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints of Velouté sauce reduced, and the white "consommé," which give it a richness doubtless not desirable for daily food, but still by no means to be despised. Those who can afford it may as well keep a cook who understands the higher branches of cookery, and, by a natural sequence, the lower; and so be able to fare sumptuously when they are minded, even though they may not always care for sauces such as Espagnole, Allemande, and Suprême (335)—this latter, we are told, is best concocted with an addition of Velouté to its dominant essence of chicken—and such essences as Mirepoix (315), a concentration of meats, vegetables, herbs, condiments, general stock, and Madeira, which might almost make a dog's leg edible and savoury. Our only doubt as to the first part of this book is whether it does not sometimes graze the shore of economy too closely; e.g. where directions are given (in p. 157) for making one hare into two distinct dishes—the hinder part being roasted with the legs crossed, the skin rolled round on each side, and secured by skewers; while the fore part is taken and cut into two-inch pieces, and made into a stew with onions, bacon, mushrooms, and divers other good things. To the latter dish it would be bad taste to object; but we have never in England chanced to light upon hare roasted by halves, a process akin to making two bites of a cherry. In the enumeration, too, of game for domestic purposes, the pheasant has no place. One can understand that "braized pheasants with foies gras à la Bohémienne," and "à la financière" (pp. 474-5), are incompatible with plain tables, yet we should have thought that a simply-roasted pheasant was consistent with due economy and with domestic cookery. Still the bills of fare that could be constructed from the first part, containing recipes for making beef à la mode, veal à la bourgeoise, fricandeaus of veal, roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts, salmis of larks, grey and red mullets à la maître d'hôtel, and eel and carp matelotes, might, by skillful ringing the changes, keep a tolerably exigent gourmand some little time in good humour.

But the main point of difference between the *Livre de Cuisine* and most other books on the same engrossing topic is, the entire absence of "oddity, extravagance, and affectation" which not only professedly, but in truth actually, characterizes it. In reviewing the French edition we noticed its author's sensible remarks as to the wine to be used for soups and sauces—not Château-Lafite or Joannisberg, but good average Burgundy, claret, and Spanish wines. So with his ideas on dressing fish; the noble turbot he would boil in salt water, instead of letting it swim in Madeira, and garnish with fried smelts, and parsley, and potatoes cut olive-fashion, instead of disfiguring it with an array of decorated skewers. Like a practised artist, he knows which of his materials have beauty enough to do best unadorned, and reserves his triumphs of disguise for setting off things that are naturally deficient therein. And a strong common sense dictates to him invariably the superiority of what is practical to what has an air of marvel. When he had to dress a sturgeon of 150 lbs. for the Paris Jockey Club he resisted the *écrit* of cooking it whole, and dressed it in three pieces, which he reunited before serving. He is equally sensible in his views as to soups, which, coming, he remarks, first in a repast, should not be of a nature to surfeit or to cloy. He therefore omits, or only gives for form's sake, some of the richest soups of the old school, and even apologizes for turtle, mock-turtle, and giblet soups as too substantial for his theory. He abjures too the humbug of adding tarragon, or sorrel, or some purée to an old soup acquaintance, and then chattering it after some statesman or prince as a new soup; yet, after weeding his list and excluding impostors, he fills some thirty pages with consommé, spring, Julienne, purée, cream, bisque, turtle and mock-turtle soups. It must, however, be a lingering conventionalism that induces him to give a recipe for "swallow's-nests-soup" (p. 283), a compound owing its chief merit, not to the nests that are steeped, shredded, and stewed to justify its name, but to the rich consommé which is its basis. The nests might be spared, as might the innumerable skylarks which we find in these pages devoted by three dozens at a time to compose an essence the use of which is to flavour "lark-patties" (365), or larks in paper cases (378), dishes that involve the destruction of ever so many more. Add to these the lark-pies and lark-puddings in vogue, and one wonders that any larks are left to "sing at heaven's gate." In France the decrease of small birds is notorious. Our British ornithologist, Mr. Morris (ii. 185, *British Birds*) says that the number of larks never seems to decrease, and he is inclined to ascribe this to the parent bird's attachment to its young. Let us hope too that it is partly owing to there being still a remnant who prefer to list and watch the soaring lark, rather than to dish him and to eat him. To recur, however, to the absence of extravagance and affectation in M. Gouffé's cookery; it is a sound instinct which dictates to him that *forcements* should not overload the viands at a dinner, and that when used, like the quenelles for soup, which he discusses at

p. 275, and rules should be no larger than a small olive, they should be delicate and light (pp. 358-61).

Equal taste pervades all his work, and the casual reader will err if he fancies that there is any real amount of waste and extravagance in the preparation of his sumptuous dishes. Probably no English manual ever respected economy so much, and this, too, though time would fail to tell of the infinite number of choice dishes which the author teaches intelligent disciples to cook with success. Patties, croustades, comesquis, timbales, orlys, and croquilles, for mixtures of game, chickens, fish, and what not, succeed each other in the chapter on hot *hors-d'œuvres*. Among removes of veal we note his "calf's head en tortue" (401-2), and his "loin of veal en surprise," with Bechamel sauce (p. 404), the surprise in which is the removal of the lean portion for mincing, and its reinsertion so minced under the replaced skin; while, on the topic of "mutton cutlets à la Maintenon," he proposes a uniform adoption of his own simple recipe to his variously-minded *confrères*. In poultry, his "capons à la Godard" (451, pl. ix.); in fish, his "saumon à la Chambord" (503-4, pl. xiii.), are marvels alike of good eating and decorative skill, and none who will study his chapter on "Entrées of Pastry" need be ignorant of the mystery of raised pies, casseroles of rice or potato, bread croustades, macaroni timbales, and vol-à-vents in endless variety. For cold collations he gives, among other things, directions for preparing "boar's head," the skin of which he would blacken with lard and soot, after Careme's example, and between the eyes of which he would insert a shield of white lard, with the host's monogram or crest (p. 565). In the same chapter the cold-salmon mayonnaise (pl. xiii.), and the "buisson of shell-fish" (pl. xiv.), look provokingly tempting; and as to the "sœle" or "stand" on which such pieces as the former are supported, the best ornamentation of them is natural flowers (556). By the way, amidst a multitude of fish recipes, there is no allusion to blanchaille or blanchaille à la diable, and no word of "lamprey à l'essence," though diners at the Ship or Trafalgar can avouch their excellence. Are they too emphatically English, or does M. Gouffé share the belief of a philosophic waiter at Greenwich, that lampreys are young eels, and "whitebait" only minnows or something worse? It can hardly be that he does not recognise any skill in cooking whitebait. The grande-matelote, which was the crowning illustration of the French volume, is described, but not portrayed in the English (see p. 514), and this is as well perhaps, for few will try to emulate that triumph of the elder Loyer for his employer, the Duchess de Berry. One of the most interesting sections of the work is that in which the author weighs the relative merits of serving a dinner à la Russe and à la Française, a momentous question which the present generation seems to have decided *pro tem*, not entirely to his satisfaction. An adept in the science of culinary decoration may be pardoned if he sighs to see his occupation in some measure gone; and every one will subscribe to M. Gouffé's argument that decoration ensures pains and care, and that the snare of a system which leaves the dishes off the table, and decks the place that should hold them with bronzes, flowers, and fruits, will be a careless habit of working, and a mere mechanical preparation of dishes. Of course extra ornamentation—temples and towers of lard and sugar—are impostures well got rid of; and perhaps the true compromise ought to satisfy artist and diner-out alike—namely, the bestowal of decorative skill on large cold dishes, and on removes and hot entrées, which may, on the table decorated à la Russe for the most part, represent some of the best features of the dinner à la Française (cf. 258-260 and 555). After all, as our author justly observes, it is not only the sight that is to be pleased. "The crucial test" in cookery "is the palate."

A hundred wrinkles might be gathered from this wonderful book to serve the purpose, not of the cook alone, but of the housekeeper or housewife. To ensure good melted butter the secret is not to mix the whole of your butter at once with the flour, but one ounce of each into a paste first of all, with the addition of pepper, salt, and warm water, in due proportions. When this is stirred to boiling point, two more ounces of butter may be added, in cut pieces, and amalgamated with the rest by stirring till all is melted (69-70). If one wants good household gravy, one must use nothing but sound, fresh, clean, uncooked meat, not clap into the stewpan any chops or chicken bones near at hand (78). Pike should be boiled the day before, and soak if possible in court-bouillon for twenty-four hours (184). Matelotes of eel and carp should have the wine and brandy which enter into them cooked simultaneously with them in the stewpan, as uncooked wine is disagreeably acid (185). The three conditions of success in an omelette are, a limit of twelve eggs, a proper pan, and caution in not overbeating the eggs. These are a sample of the practical hints strewn over the pages of the *Livre de Cuisine*; and we can only add to our praise of it the hope that it will be received by English housekeepers in a teachable and generous spirit. If it is not to supersede, now that translation has made it intelligible to English readers, the best manuals of native manufacture, this can only be because our own teachers on gastronomic matters are wise enough to learn of M. Gouffé the practical good sense, the thorough absence of humbug, and the enthusiastic faith in his art which makes his *Royal Cookery Book* a volume in comparison of which, if we except its translation,

*Non viget quicquam simile aut secundum.*

## GERMAN LITERATURE.

LEOPOLD RANKE'S great History of England\* has at last attained its conclusion. It is, in a sense, brought down to the year 1760, but the transactions of the last sixty years, to which about a third part of this volume is devoted, are so lightly passed over that the work virtually terminates with the death of William III. Ranke's *aperçu* of the general characteristics of the Hanoverian period, if not precisely history, is a very valuable State paper. Indeed the whole work partakes of this character. The author's interest is almost wholly engrossed by politics. He does not concern himself with the social condition of the nation, the fluctuations of opinion, the development of industry, or those vivid contrasts of manners and customs which impart such picturesqueness to the pages of Macaulay. He merely cares to ascertain what political occurrences actually took place, and to recount them with rigorous precision in a cold unimpassioned style, innocent of all pretence to effect, but a model of clearness, conciseness, and impartiality. With all its obvious defects, this narrow interpretation of the historian's task has enabled him to accomplish two objects rarely attained in this age—to write several complete, yet manageable histories, which are neither fragmentary nor encyclopedic, and to be regarded with the respect due to an authority who has thoroughly sifted his subject. The investigation of archives is his forte, and if anything can surpass the persevering diligence of the scrutiny, it is the luminous manner of exhibiting its results. The appendix to this volume, nearly two-thirds of the contents, brings partially to light several most valuable series of documents, now published for the first time. Among them is the confidential Dutch correspondence of William III. with the Pensionary Heinsius, a documentary series of inestimable value. There is also the correspondence between the French ambassador and Charles I. during the latter's captivity at Holmby, relating to the projects for a coalition between the King and the Presbyterians against the Independents. We also have copious extracts from the correspondence of the brothers Bonnet, who successively represented the Court of Berlin, at London, from 1685 to 1720, which is apparently of great interest. The MS. of a follower of James II., a fanatical Jacobite, but evidently a man of excellent understanding in other respects, gives a most lively picture of the battle of the Boyne, and the conduct of the campaign in general. Another division of the appendix is devoted to a criticism of some of the histories of the period—Clarendon's, which Ranke highly esteems; the so-called Memoirs of James II., to which he attaches but slight value; and Burnet's. Ranke's comments on this chiefly relate to the remarkable discrepancies between the original MS. in the Museum and the work as printed. Either Burnet, or the editor of the History (most probably the former, as it seems to us) has deliberately revised the work from a purely partisan point of view, leaving the narrative of facts unaltered, but continually modifying expressions of opinion. Thus the original censure of Marlborough and the original commendation of Nottingham have disappeared from the published work, which evidently cannot be received with implicit confidence.

Professor Wilhelm Müller's† "Political History of the Day" partakes much more of the nature of a political pamphlet than of a history. It could not well be otherwise, since most of the questions referred to in it are still pending, and many passages could as yet hardly be satisfactorily explained by the actors themselves. The work is, however, of interest as an index to public feeling. It would be hard to conceive a more jealous and suspicious frame of mind than it indicates; and when we consider how much soreness exists on the side of France, we feel more thankful than ever that war should be in these days a very expensive operation. The most noticeable trait of Professor Müller's policy is a disposition to let Russia have her own way altogether in the East as the price of her support in the West, provided only that she will not interfere with the Slavonic provinces of Austria. He seems, however, to entertain a well-founded misgiving that Russia has an eye on Prague as well as on Constantinople. On the whole, although the tone of his work is violent, arrogant, and needlessly disobliging to foreign Powers, it breathes a spirit of sturdy patriotism which foreign Powers will do well to respect. For reasons best known to the Professor, he is particularly discourteous to the only disinterested friend Prussia has—Great Britain.

The title of Herr Scherr's history of the revolutionary period of 1848‡ indicates that he proposes to regard these transactions on the comic side, and that, consequently, his work is not likely to be of much value. The promise is amply redeemed, and the augury sufficiently fulfilled; it is his misfortune to be very frivolous, without being very amusing. The work, written in a highly Radical spirit, preserves, however, for the sake of annoying the other party, some of the political squibs and other curiosities of the time. We find in it, for example, the proclamation of Henry the Seventy-Second, by the grace of God monarch of Reuss-Greiz. In this His Highness professes his intention of relinquishing the six

square miles hitherto subjected to his sway, and "retiring to some obscure spot, there to meditate upon the instability of earthly greatness." He seems, however, to have discovered that Reuss-Greiz itself was the most obscure spot attainable, for he procured himself to be restored as soon as he could.

Woldemar von Bock\* continues to protest against the unfair treatment to which the German inhabitants of Livonia are subjected by the Russians, especially in religious matters. It suits Prussian statesmen to ignore the question at present, but conjunctures might easily arise under which it would be vigorously taken in hand.

General von Montloug's "revelations" of the Mexican catastrophe† are a collection of not very interesting documents, accompanied by some rather commonplace observations. The General was directed, not long before the death of Maximilian, to draw up a report on the behaviour of the French to their ally. The Commission was given, and has been executed, in a sufficiently resentful spirit; but although the negligence, if not perfidy, of the French officers is notorious, documentary evidence of the fact is not always forthcoming, and the General's argument is largely indebted to rumour and hearsay. Many very atrocious proceedings of the French are related, but the writer seems not to perceive that in exposing them he is vindicating the Mexicans, who could not be expected to discriminate with much nicety between the perpetrators of these actions and the prince in whose name they were committed.

The Egyptian monuments published by Herr Duemichen‡ are from the temples of Karnak and Medinet-Habu, and comprise the memorial of a victory over the Libyans in the fourteenth century B.C., and inscriptions from the triumphal arch and treasury of Rameses III., and the treasury of Rhampsinitus.

Dr. Stark's elaborate essay on German proper names§ is a treasury of learning, and brings to light a number of antiquated forms, chiefly from ancient MSS. They are frequently sufficiently uncouth. It is not enlivening to peruse a number of successive entries such as "Wubbeke; see Wobbo." The ethnological value of such researches, however, is considerable; chiefly from the evidence which they afford of the extent to which a Celtic population long continued to subsist in some parts of Germany.

The literature of Spanish travel abounds with instances of the happy faculty enjoyed by most travellers of seeing exactly what they choose. Nothing short of a miracle would ever have convinced Herr Baumstark¶ that the most Catholic and monarchic was not also the happiest and best-governed of all lands. When to these prepossessions are added the charm which must inevitably affect all imaginative visitors to so interesting a country, it is hardly surprising that a perfectly senseless and preposterous panegyric is the result. What was good in the old order of things is mixed up with what is good in the new, and the modern Spaniards obtain credit for both, while in fact they deserve none for either. Herr Baumstark talks as if the contemporaries of Narvaez had reared the grand old cathedrals with one hand, and traced the costly modern railways with the other—as if the first were not the work of their ancestors, and the second of the Paris Bourse. As a descriptive traveller, however, the author deserves much commendation; he has imbibed the romance of the soil he has trodden, and we greatly prefer his occasionally hyperbolic but never affected enthusiasm to the carping spirit of some recent English voyagers. His book may be consulted with profit by intending visitors to the country.

The compiler of J. J. Moser's memoirs¶ is in his own person a very poor writer, but has had the good sense to let the subject of his book speak for himself as far as possible. Moser's autobiography is one of the most racy and characteristic works of its class. The author was a statesman and public functionary of the eighteenth century, the most erudite, industrious, and voluminous lawyer of his day. He was also a patriot of incorruptible integrity, and underwent five years' illegal imprisonment in a fortress for his resistance to the exactions of the Duke of Wurtemberg. Being deprived of writing materials, and finding the privation insufferable, he covered the walls of his cell with inscriptions traced in tallow with the point of a pair of snuffers. Another remarkable episode in his life was his connexion with the Moravians, with whom he eventually quarrelled. Though a man of deep piety, he appears to have been as contentious and imperious as a man can well be, and, like most writers of autobiographies, he has succeeded in conveying a much more lively picture of his foibles than of his good qualities.

There is a magic in the name of Mendelssohn which insures a favourable consideration for any book which professes to treat of

\* *Litländische Beiträge*. Herausgegeben von W. von Bock. Bd. 2. Berlin: Stilke & Van Muyden. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Authentische Enthüllungen über die letzten Ereignisse in Mexico*. Von W. von Montloug. Stuttgart: Hoffmann. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Ägyptische Denkmäler*. Von J. Duemichen. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Die Kosenamen der Germanen. Eine Studie*. Von Dr. F. Stark. Wien: Tendler. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Mein Ausflug nach Spanien*. Von R. Baumstark. Regensburg: Manz. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Das Leben J. J. Mosers*. Aus seiner Selbstbiographie dargestellt von A. Schmid. Stuttgart: Liesching. London: Asher & Co.

\* *Englische Geschichte, vornehmlich im sechszehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhundert*. Von Leopold Ranke. Bd. 7. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Politische Geschichte der Gegenwart*. Von W. Müller. 1. Das Jahr 1867. Berlin: Springer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ 1848-1851. *Eine Komödie der Weltgeschichte*. Von Johannes Scherr. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Williams & Norgate.

him. Madlle. Polko\* must have reckoned largely on this prepossession when she resolved to publish her "reminiscences" of the composer. The propriety of the title is apparent from the fact that, out of two hundred and sixteen pages, just fourteen are comprised in the chapter of "Personal Recollections," which recollections, after all, amount mainly to this, that the authoress has heard Mendelssohn play upon the piano. So have many thousand persons in London, Manchester, and Birmingham, who have not hitherto deemed it necessary to reprint shreds of Mendelssohn's published correspondence, diluted with a sentimental commentary, and garnished with two or three new but perfectly unimportant letters, and a preface resembling nothing so much as the poet's apology for his brevity in relating the adventures of the wise men of Gotham. In a word, Madlle. Polko's work is a specimen of audacious bookmaking. The only redeeming feature is some information respecting Mendelssohn's wife, who has hitherto been left much in the shade, but who appears to have been a charming woman, fully worthy of her husband.

We are indebted for a very different sort of biography to an anonymous writer. With much pretension Madlle. Polko tells us nothing, but the unassuming reminiscences of the author of *Lebensbilder*† are full of matter and entertainment. Indeed they are something more, for they form a succession of delightful idyllic pictures, tender in the soft light of an old man's memory, and not, as is half admitted, wholly undebited for their charm to the embellishments of a graceful imagination. However this may be, the pictures are finished with consummate skill and the most artistic care. In the first part of the book we have the author's boyish reminiscences, a perfect gallery of humorous portraits from his school-days. The second division contains sketches from aristocratic life, in particular a fine picture of an ancient countess, a great lady of the old school, and a most racy delineation of the embarrassed affairs of the semi-Polish nobility of Silesia. There are also several masterly sketches from the life of the poorer classes; but perhaps the best of all is the picture of the old abbey, so full of dignity and repose. It is no every-day occurrence to meet a work of such genuine literary merit with so total an absence of pretension.

There is pretension enough in Dr. Silberstein's biography of Rudolf Gottschall‡, as cannot well fail to be the case when the life of a man of letters is written under his own inspection by an admiring friend. The writer, however, has observed the bounds of good taste more accurately than was to be expected, and his hero is not wholly unworthy of his panegyric. If not a powerful genius, Gottschall is an accomplished and dexterous writer, who has attempted many different styles of composition, and achieved credit in them all, however he may have fallen short of renown. His biography really deserved to be written, though not perhaps by so intrepid an admirer as Dr. Silberstein.

It is a significant instance of the tendency of mankind to superstition that the little duchy of Oldenburg§ should have yielded two thick volumes of legendary lore to the diligent investigation of Herr Strackerjan. These Teutonic superstitions are in general of a gloomy character, often picturesque, but deficient in the graceful imagination of the Celt. It is manifest, however, that the poetical notion of second sight is not exclusively a Celtic idea, but fully as much within the range of an Oldenburg boor as of any dirked and kilted Allan Mac Aulay. Fairies do not occupy a prominent place in Oldenburg mythology, but demons and ghosts are plentiful. The latter, when troublesome, are not laid in the Red Sea as in England, but are transported bodily (or rather spiritually) in a cart to the nearest heath, where some interminable task is assigned to keep them out of mischief. One of the most curious superstitions, which we have not met with elsewhere, relates to the freemasons. Every freemason is supposed to be *ipso facto* a party to a contract with the devil, who annually draws a certain number of the brotherhood in a lottery, exactly like the coupons of a redeemable public loan. The masons whose names are drawn are called for and fetched away in the course of the year, receiving, in regular business fashion, a day's notice. Several well-authenticated examples are recorded. Some curious popular prophecies are mentioned, one of which, with its fulfilment, reminds us of the excursion of Birnam Wood to Dunsinane. When, it was foretold, a certain sandhill rejoicing in the truly Candidian appellation of the Beverbakenberg shall come to Oldenburg, we shall have war. At the beginning of 1866 the hill was taken for the Oldenburg railway station, and the people are now convinced of the fulfilment of the prophecy.

The International Library||, published by R. Lesser of Berlin, is, we suppose, designed to embrace specimens of the literature of all countries. Julius Rodenberg's volume is so far cosmopolitan that it includes sketches of travel in various parts of the earth; and the action of Elise Polko's novelettes is translated out of

Germany. Both are very tolerable repertoires of light reading. *Mischmasch*\*, by J. Scherr, belongs to a lower grade of this description of literature.

Dr. Dreves's translation of the principal Latin hymns† appeared, it seems, anonymously nearly a quarter of a century since, but attracted hardly any attention at the time. It is now published with very considerable additions, and with the translator's name. It is to be hoped that the second venture will prove more successful than the first, for Dr. Dreves is far from deserving the neglect he has experienced. His versions are in general admirable, equally faithful and spirited.

Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter‡, having, as we must presume, exhausted the Rhine, has undertaken to sing all through Italy in a series of sonnets. His selection of a metrical form is unfortunate, inasmuch as he is by no means a master of the sonnet, and, by adopting it as the vehicle of his Italian impressions, challenges an unequal comparison with Platen, one of the most consummate artists in this style that ever lived. If, however, Müller's sonnets are far from masterpieces either in form or substance, they possess much of the graceful felicity of his less ambitious works.

Paul Heyse's§ drama on the siege of Colberg is, like all his writings, artistically constructed, and composed in a delightful style. It also has more substance than his dramas in general, as it turns upon a patriotic subject, and might be quite capable of producing a powerful impression in an agitated state of public feeling. Nevertheless, it is as much a production of the calculating intellect, and as devoid of true vitality, as almost all other contemporary dramas of a serious character.

Karl Simrock has been employed to good purpose in modernizing the mediæval chivalric romance of *Loher und Maller*||. It is full of life and variety, and Simrock has been extremely happy in preserving the inimitable *naïveté* of his original. The romance was first composed in Latin, but the original text is lost, and the story exists only in a German version made by the Countess of Nassau-Sarbrücke in 1407. It is one of the Carolingian cycle of romances, and belongs to those in which Saracens figure prominently, as in the *Emperor Octavian*.

\* *Mischmasch*. Von Johannes Scherr. Berlin: Lesser. London: Nutt.

† *Lieder der Kirche*. Deutsche Nachbildungen alt-lateinischer Originale. Von L. Dreves. Schaffhausen: Hurter. London: Nutt.

‡ *Der Pilger in Italien*. Sonette. Von Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Colberg*. Historisches Schauspiel. Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Loher und Maller*. Ritterroman, erneuert von Karl Simrock. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

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‡ *Rudolf Gottschall. Fünfundzwanzig Jahre einer Dichterlaufbahn*. Von Dr. A. Silberstein. Leipzig: Rhode. London: Asher & Co.

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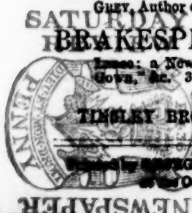
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